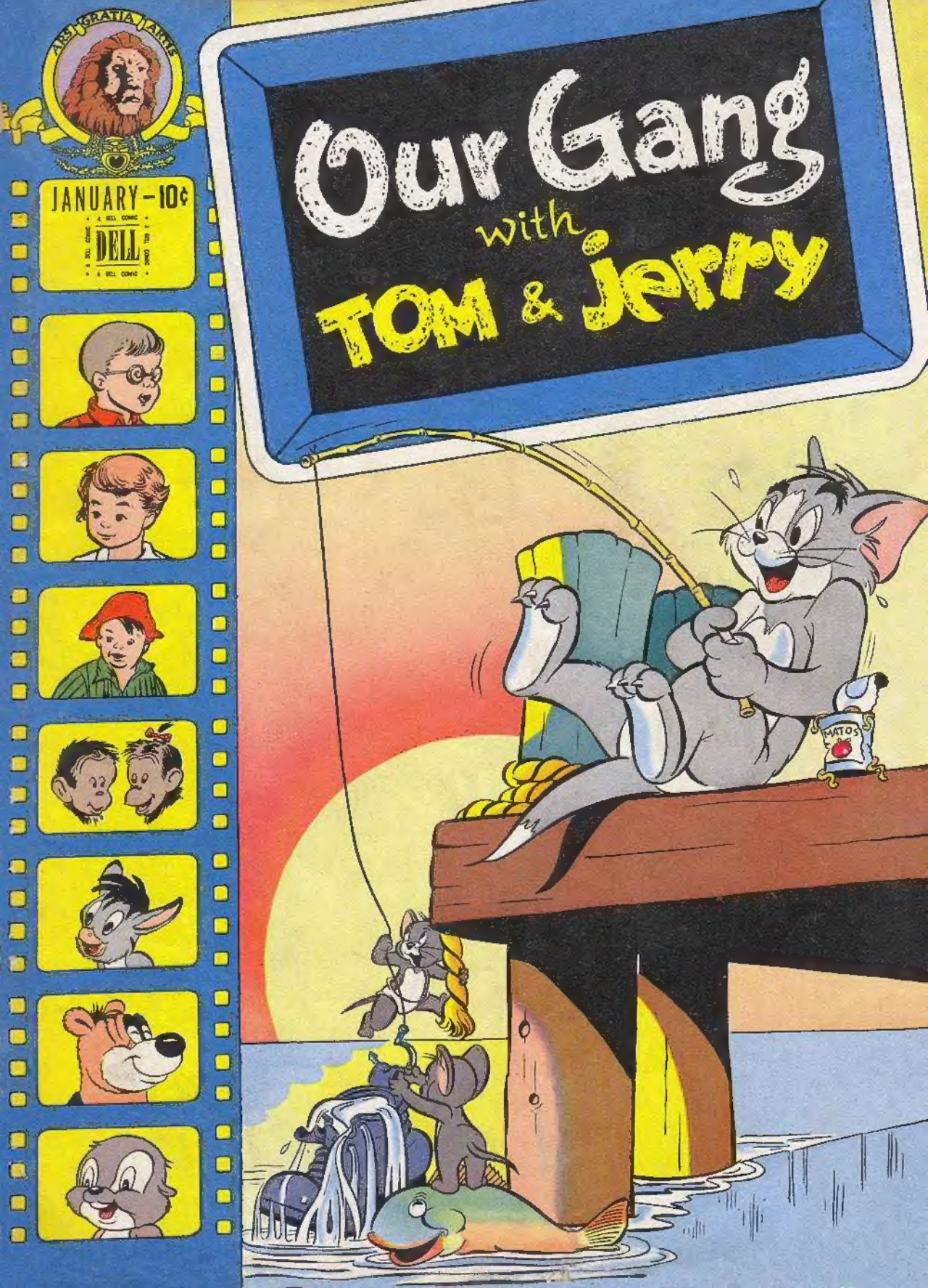
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A DELL COMIC
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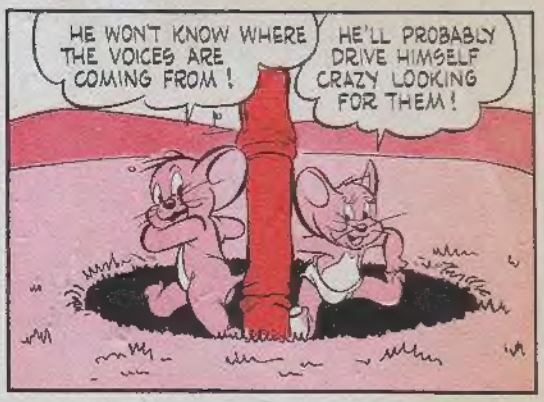
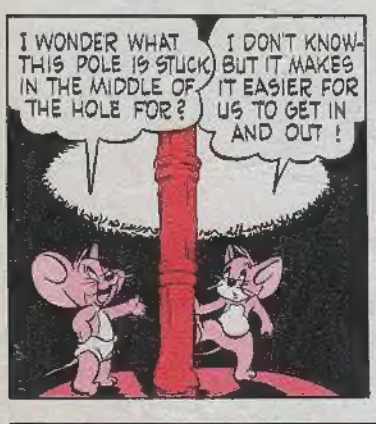
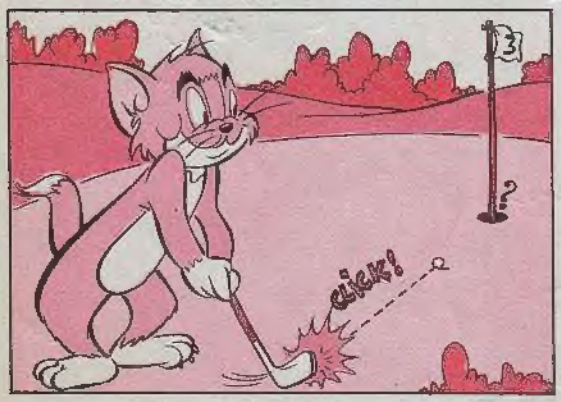
A DELL COMIC
Our Gang
with
TOM & Jerry
MATOS







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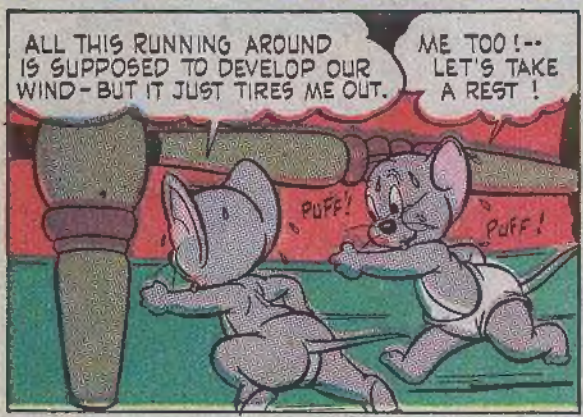
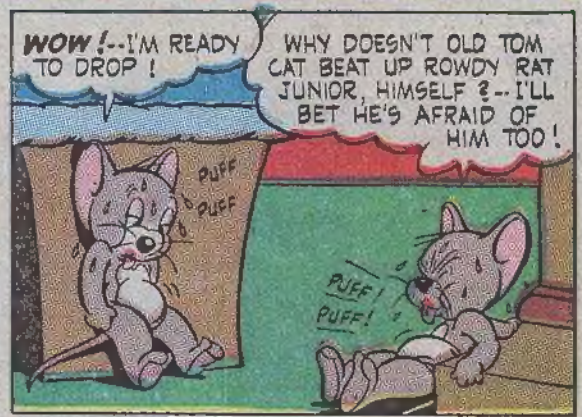
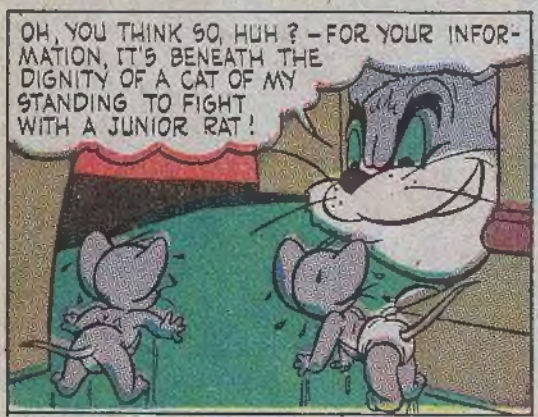
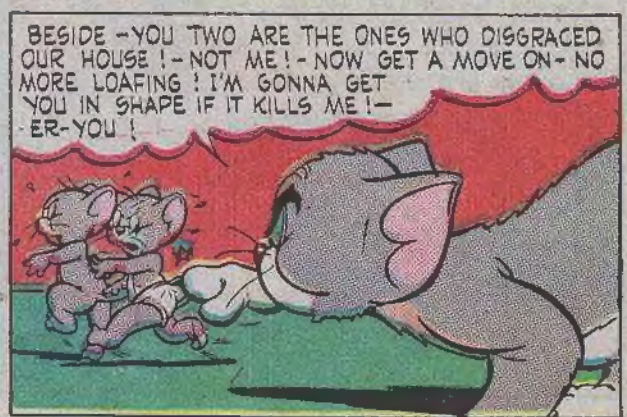
M-G-M *presents*.

TOM and JERRY

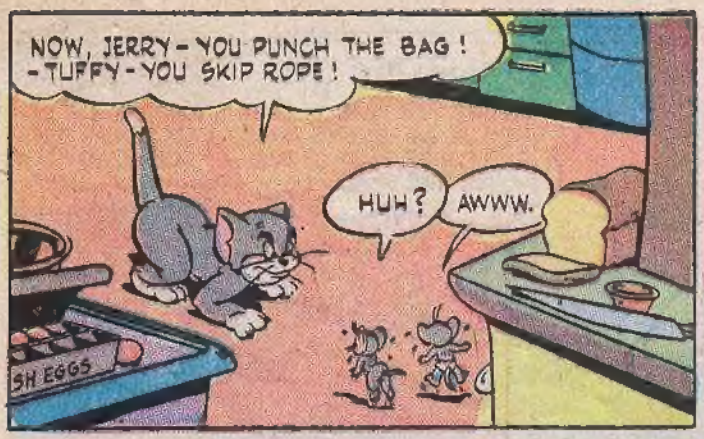




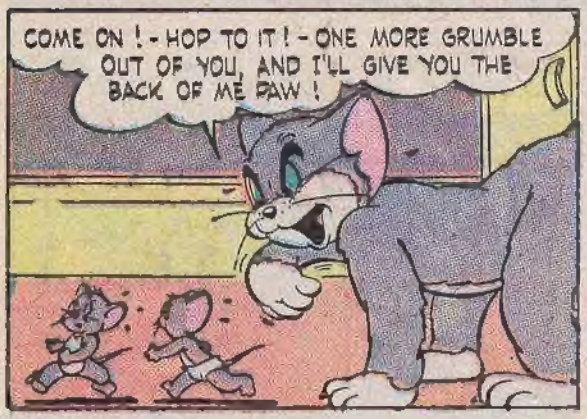


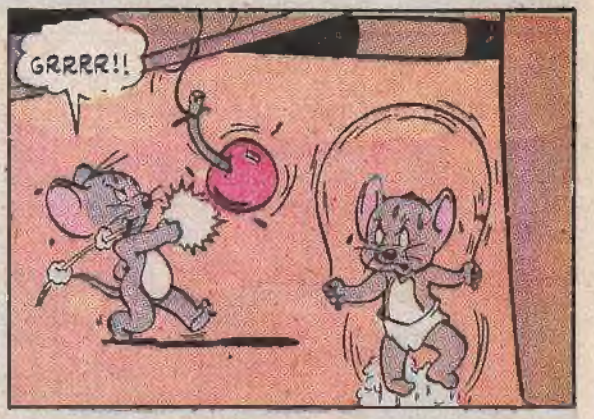


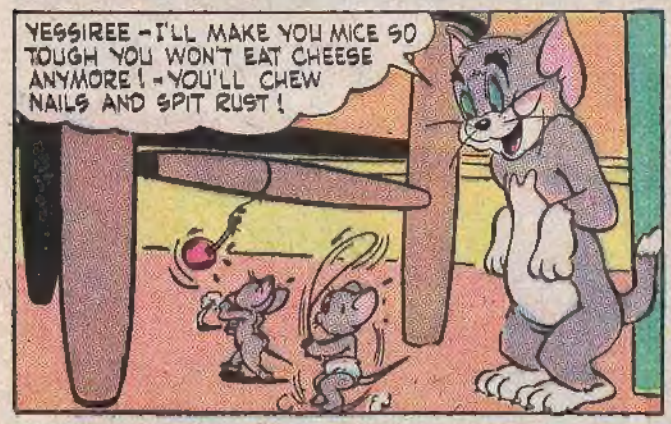
FREE! A big picture of TOM AND JERRY. See back cover.

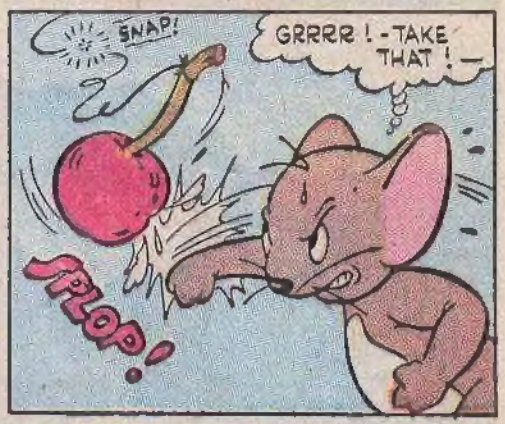

NOW, JERRY - YOU PUNCH THE BAG ! - TUFFY - YOU SKIP ROPE !
HUH ?
AWWW.
SH EGGS

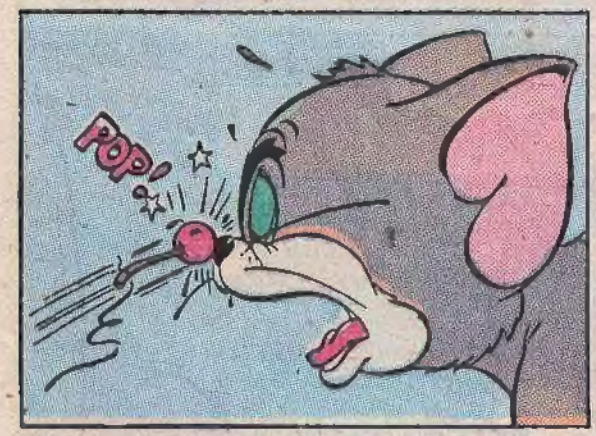
NIX - TOM ! - DON'T BE SO HARDHEARTED ! - WE'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR TODAY !
DON'T BE SUCH A SLAVE DRIVER ! - I'M ALL IN !

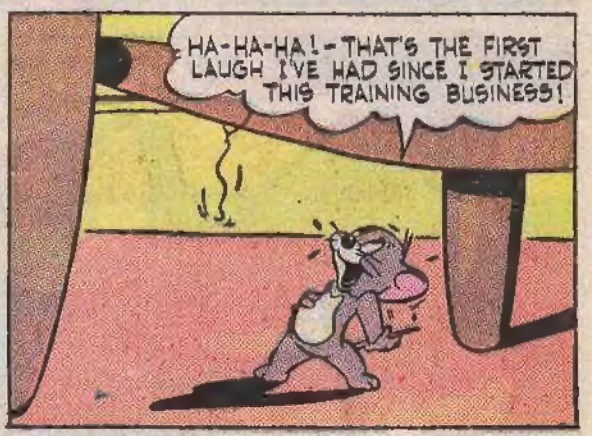

COME ON ! - HOP TO IT ! - ONE MORE GRUMBLE OUT OF YOU, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE BACK OF ME PAW !

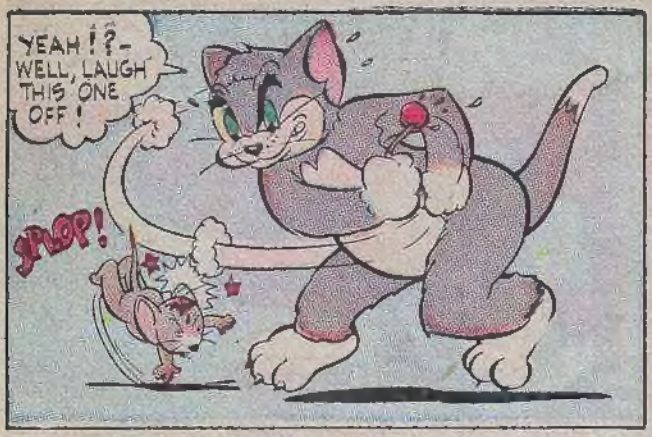

GRRRR !!

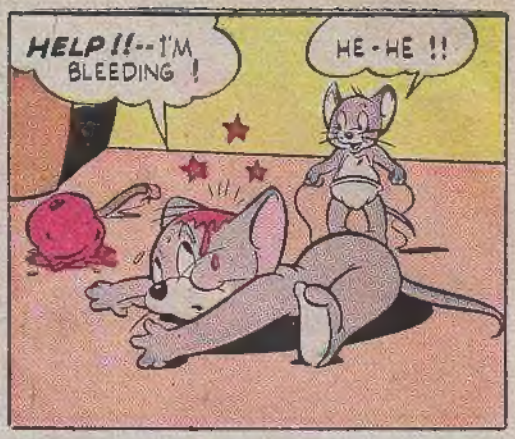

YESSIREE - I'LL MAKE YOU MICE SO TOUGH YOU WON'T EAT CHEESE ANYMORE ! - YOU'LL CHEW NAILS AND SPIT RUST !

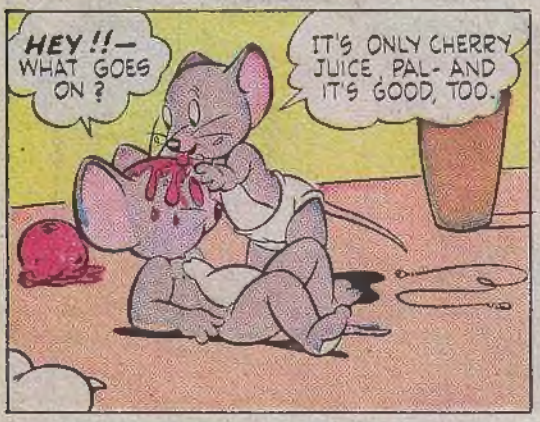

SNAP!
GRRRR ! - TAKE THAT ! -
FLOP!

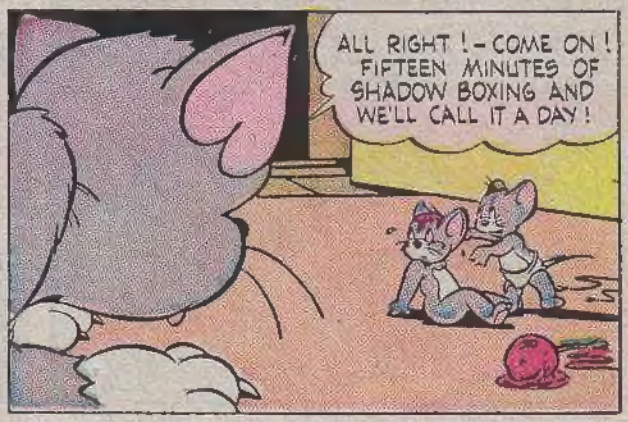

POP!

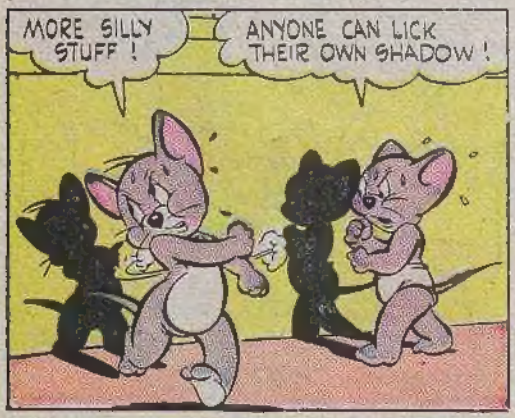

HA-HA-HA ! - THAT'S THE FIRST LAUGH I'VE HAD SINCE I STARTED THIS TRAINING BUSINESS !

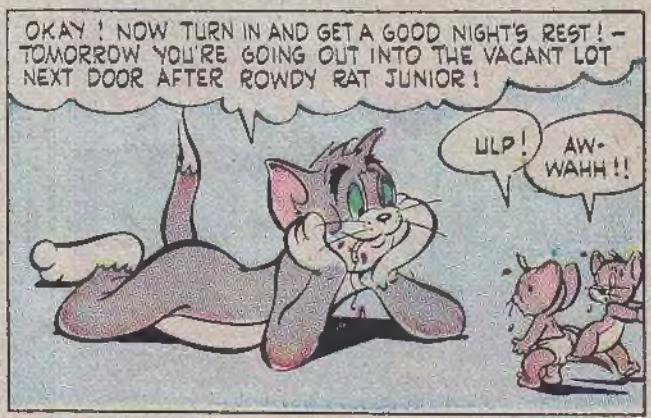

YEAH!?- WELL, LAUGH THIS ONE OFF!
SPLOP!


HELP!!--I'M BLEEDING!
HE-HE!!

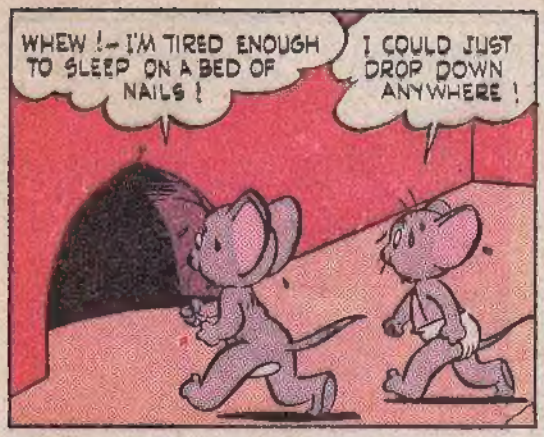

HEY!!- WHAT GOES ON?
IT'S ONLY CHERRY JUICE, PAL- AND IT'S GOOD, TOO.

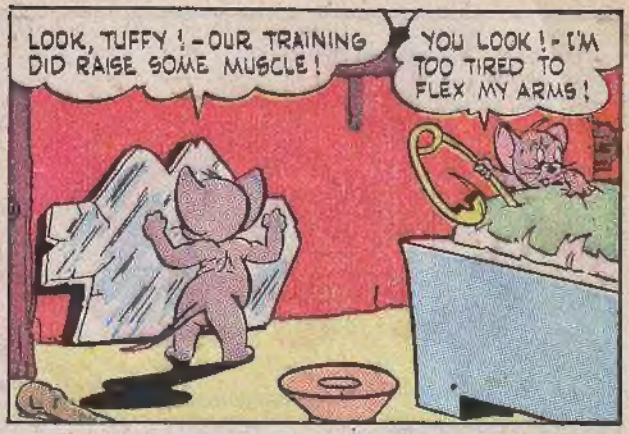

ALL RIGHT!- COME ON! FIFTEEN MINUTES OF SHADOW BOXING AND WE'LL CALL IT A DAY!

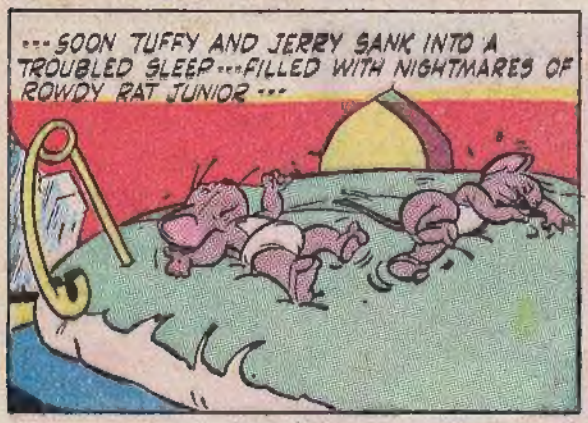

MORE SILLY STUFF!
ANYONE CAN LICK THEIR OWN SHADOW!

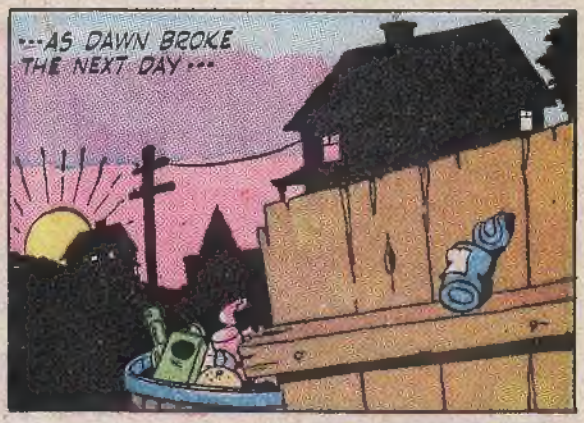

OKAY! NOW TURN IN AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!- TOMORROW YOU'RE GOING OUT INTO THE VACANT LOT NEXT DOOR AFTER ROWDY RAT JUNIOR!
ULP!
AW-WAHH!!

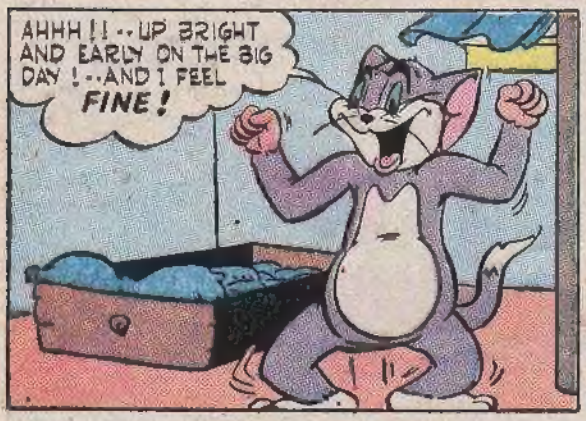
MAYBE I OUGHT TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL TRAINER!- I MADE THOSE TWO SOFT, NAMBY-PAMBY MICE INTO PRETTY RUGGED RODENTS!

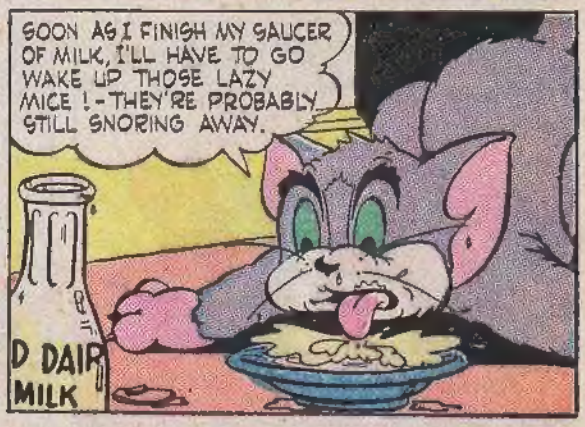

WHEW ! - I'M TIRED ENOUGH TO SLEEP ON A BED OF NAILS !
I COULD JUST DROP DOWN ANYWHERE !

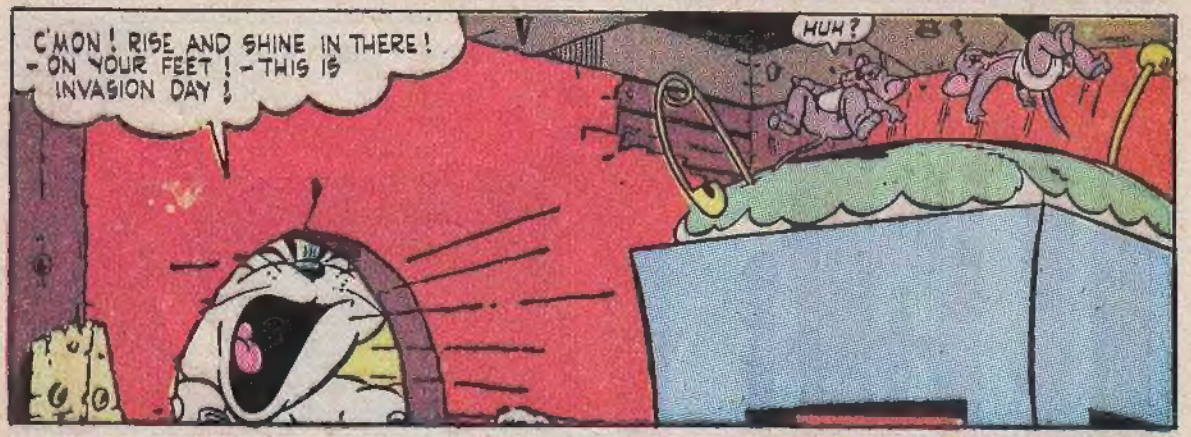

LOOK, TUFFY ! - OUR TRAINING DID RAISE SOME MUSCLE !
YOU LOOK ! - I'M TOO TIRED TO FLEX MY ARMS !


... SOON TUFFY AND JERRY SANK INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP ... FILLED WITH NIGHTMARES OF ROWDY RAT JUNIOR ...

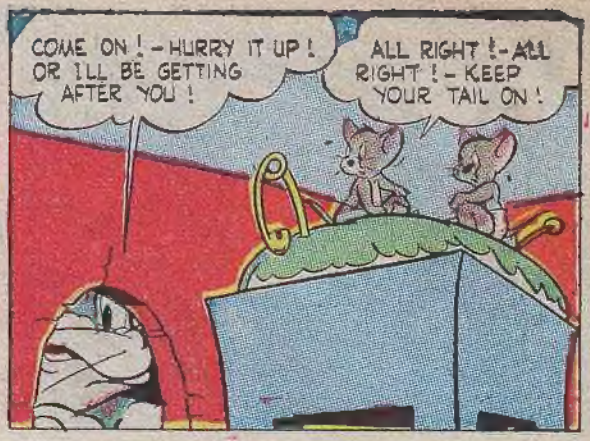

... AS DAWN BROKE THE NEXT DAY ...

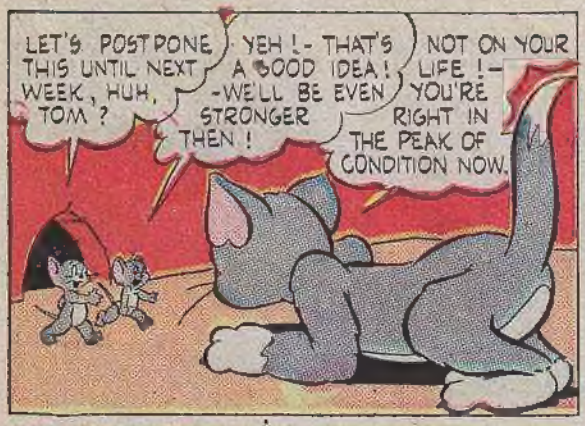

AHHH !! .. UP BRIGHT AND EARLY ON THE BIG DAY ! .. AND I FEEL FINE !


SOON AS I FINISH MY SAUCER OF MILK, I'LL HAVE TO GO WAKE UP THOSE LAZY MICE ! - THEY'RE PROBABLY STILL SNORING AWAY.
D DAIR
MILK


C'MON ! RISE AND SHINE IN THERE ! - ON YOUR FEET ! - THIS IS INVASION DAY !
HUH ?

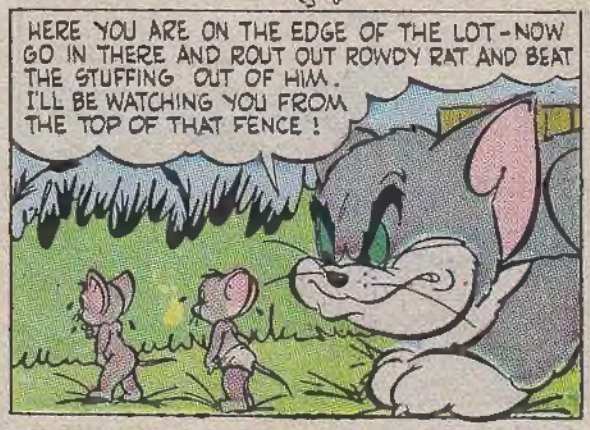
HO-HUM! - I'M STILL TOO TIRED TO LIFT AN EYEBROW!
IS IT THE NEXT DAY ALREADY?


COME ON! - HURRY IT UP! OR I'LL BE GETTING AFTER YOU!
ALL RIGHT! - ALL RIGHT! - KEEP YOUR TAIL ON!

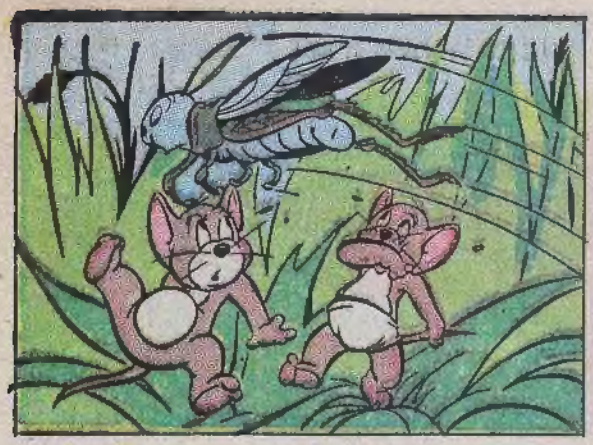

LET'S POSTPONE THIS UNTIL NEXT WEEK, HUH, TOM?
YEH! - THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! - WE'LL BE EVEN STRONGER THEN!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! - YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE PEAK OF CONDITION NOW.

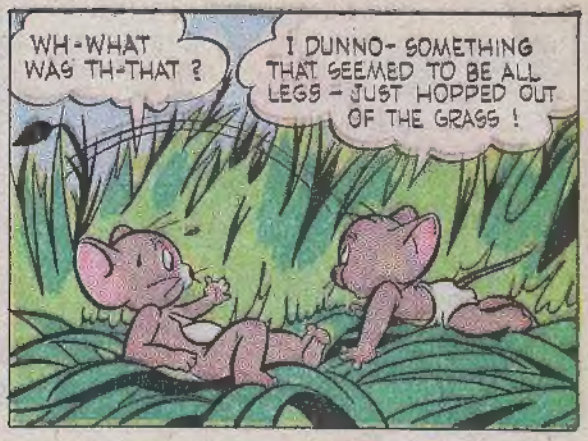
I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO STALE AFTER ALL MY HARD WORK! - AND TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T DOUBLE CROSS ME, I'M GOING TO CARRY YOU TO THE EDGE OF THE LOT MYSELF!
HOW NICE!
BIG-HEARTED TOM!

FOR SALE

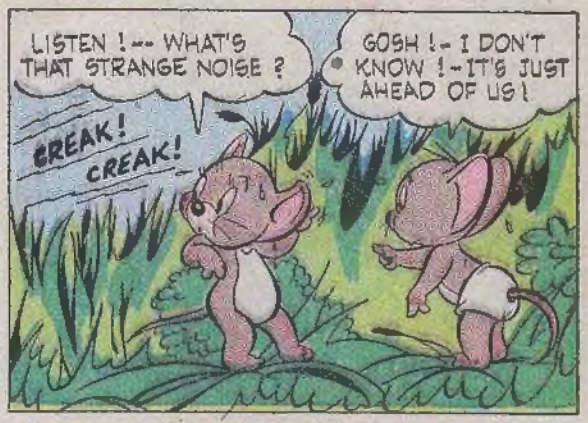

HERE YOU ARE ON THE EDGE OF THE LOT - NOW GO IN THERE AND ROUT OUT ROWDY RAT AND BEAT THE STUFFING OUT OF HIM. I'LL BE WATCHING YOU FROM THE TOP OF THAT FENCE!

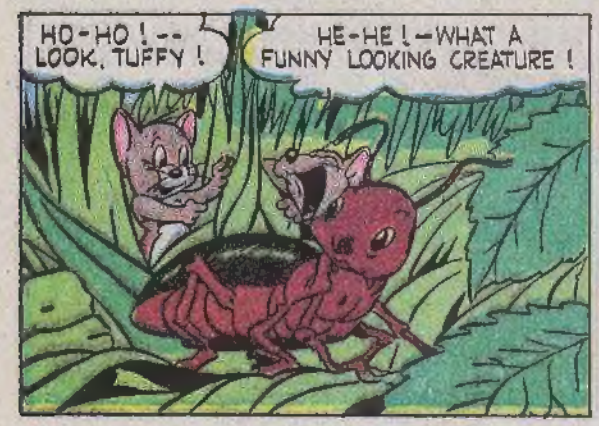
-AND HE WASN'T KIDDING! LOOK AT OLD SOUR PUSS UP THERE WAVING US ON!

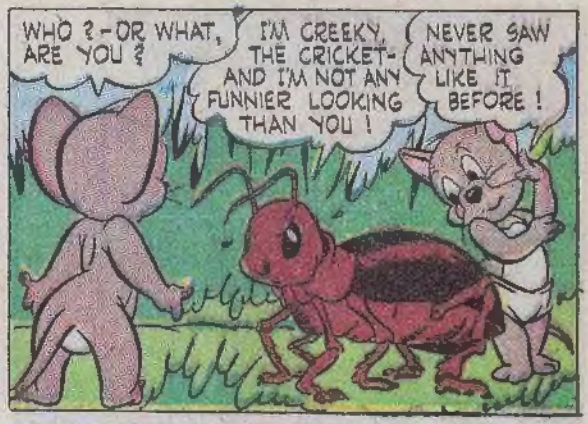


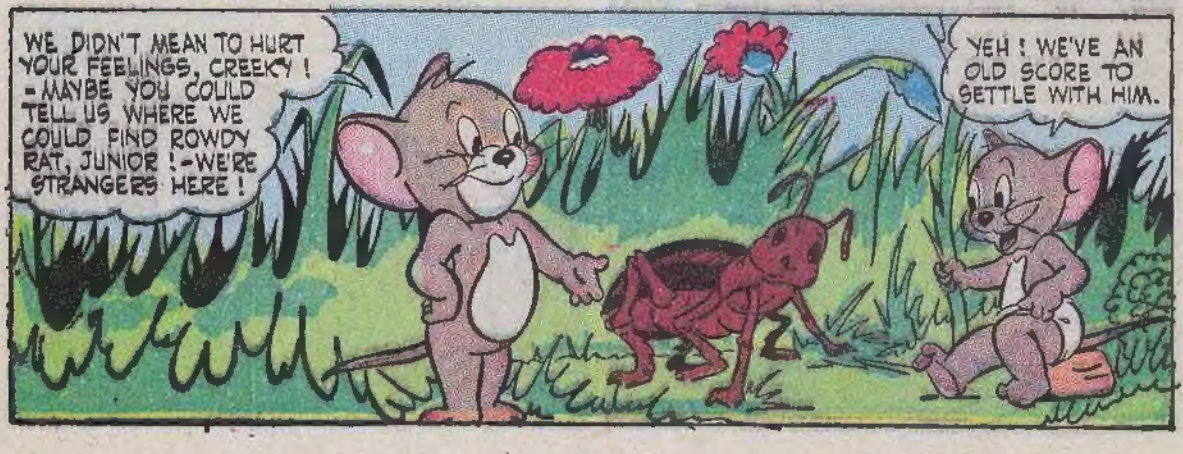

WH-WHAT WAS TH-THAT ?
I DUNNO- SOMETHING THAT SEEMED TO BE ALL LEGS - JUST HOPPED OUT OF THE GRASS !

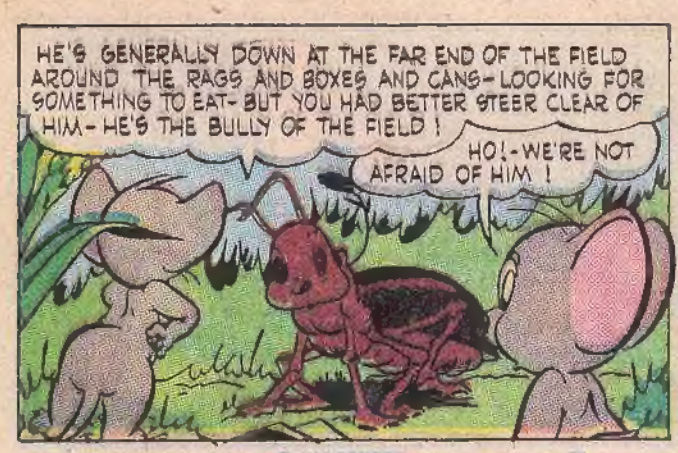
GOSH ! I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE HEADED, DO YOU, TUFFY ?
NO - OR HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET BACK EITHER !

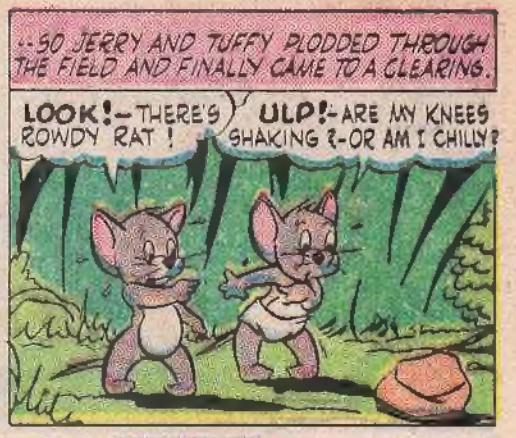

LISTEN ! -- WHAT'S THAT STRANGE NOISE ?
GOSH ! - I DON'T KNOW ! - IT'S JUST AHEAD OF US !
CREAK!
CREAK!

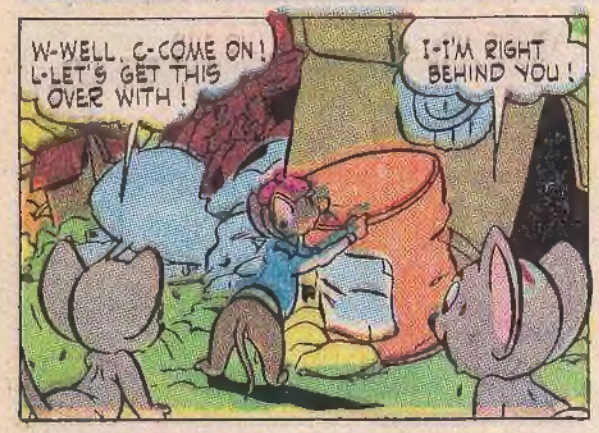

HO-HO ! -- LOOK, TUFFY !
HE-HE ! - WHAT A FUNNY LOOKING CREATURE !

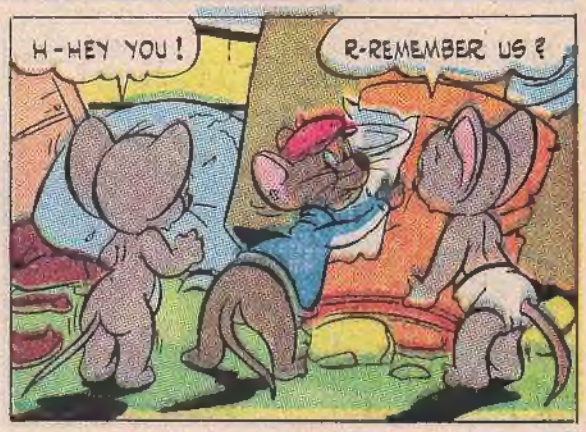

WHO ? - OR WHAT, ARE YOU ?
I'M CREEKY, THE CRICKET- AND I'M NOT ANY FUNNIER LOOKING THAN YOU !
NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE !

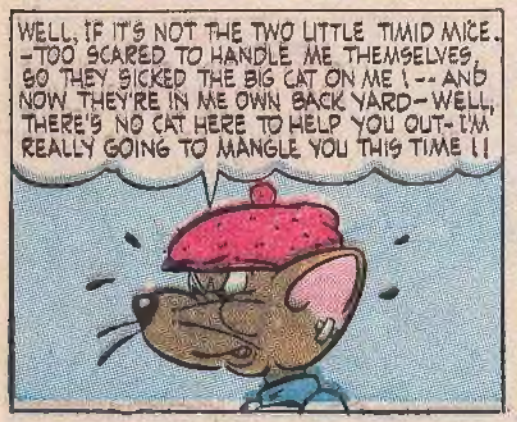

WE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS, CREEKY ! - MAYBE YOU COULD TELL US WHERE WE COULD FIND ROWDY RAT, JUNIOR ! - WE'RE STRANGERS HERE !
YEH ! WE'VE AN OLD SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM.


HE'S GENERALLY DOWN AT THE FAR END OF THE FIELD AROUND THE RAGS AND BOXES AND CANS- LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO EAT- BUT YOU HAD BETTER STEER CLEAR OF HIM- HE'S THE BULLY OF THE FIELD !
HO!- WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF HIM !

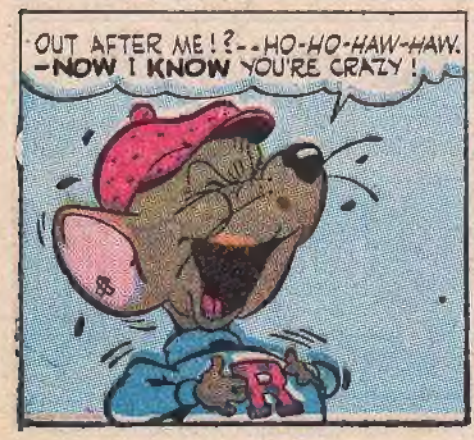

..SO JERRY AND TUFFY PLODDED THROUGH THE FIELD AND FINALLY CAME TO A CLEARING.
LOOK!- THERE'S ROWDY RAT !
ULP!- ARE MY KNEES SHAKING ?- OR AM I CHILLY?

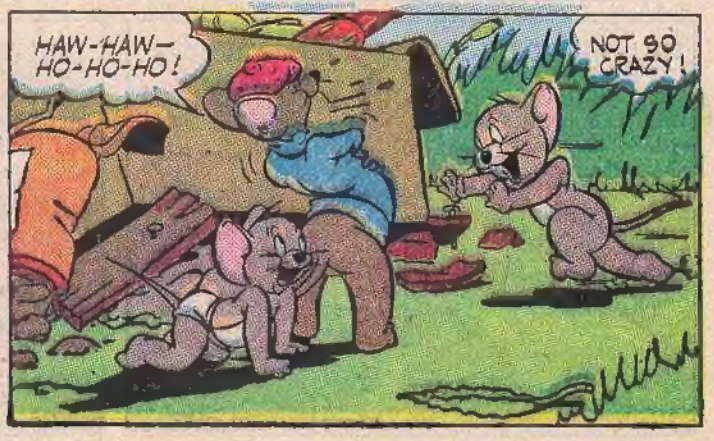

W-WELL, C-COME ON! L-LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH !
I-I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU !

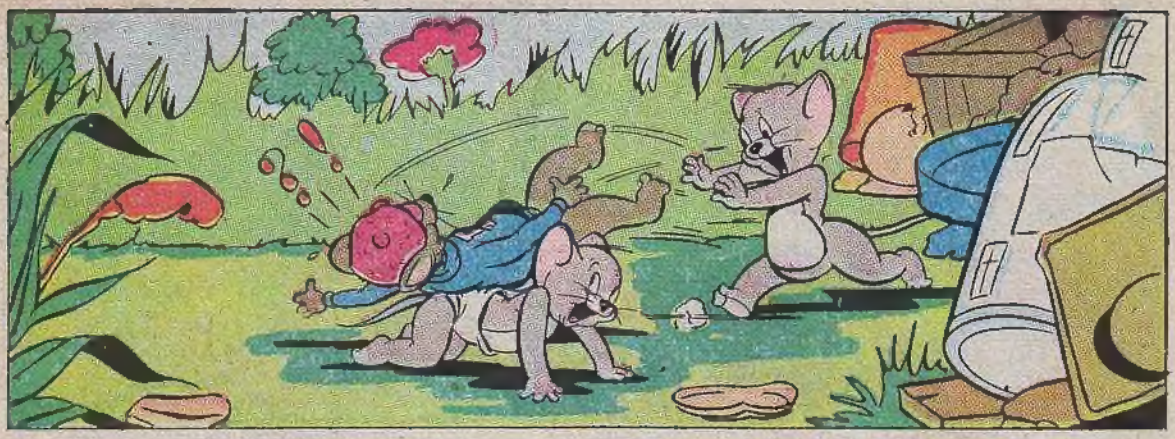

H-HEY YOU !
R-REMEMBER US ?

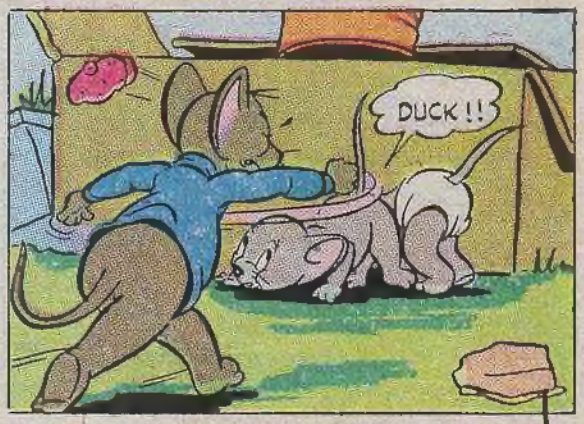

WELL, IF IT'S NOT THE TWO LITTLE TIMID MICE. -TOO SCARED TO HANDLE ME THEMSELVES, SO THEY SICKED THE BIG CAT ON ME ! -- AND NOW THEY'RE IN ME OWN BACK YARD- WELL, THERE'S NO CAT HERE TO HELP YOU OUT- I'M REALLY GOING TO MANGLE YOU THIS TIME !!

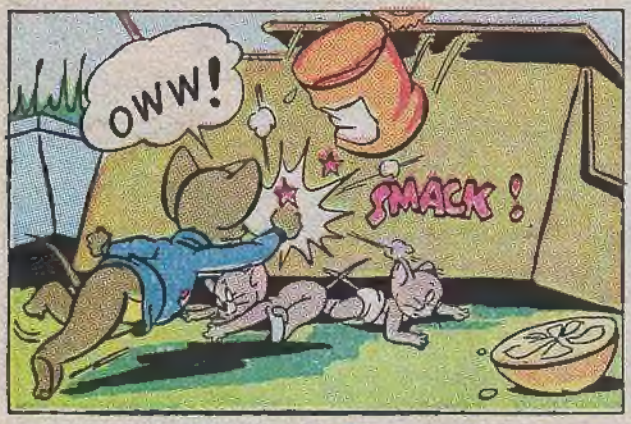
- BUT BEFORE I DO- MY CURIOSITY IS AROUSED ! - WHAT BROUGHT YOU OUT INTO MY FIELD ?- HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY ?
NO ! - WE'RE OUT AFTER YOU !

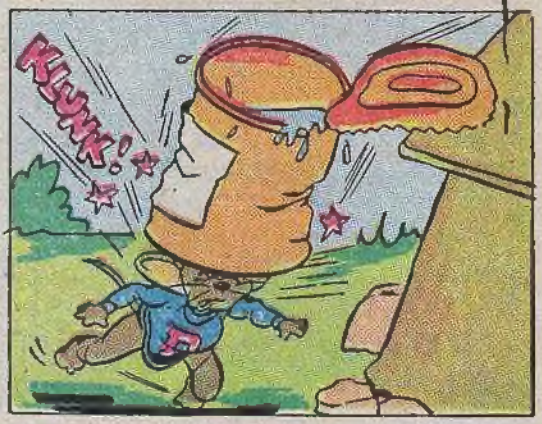

OUT AFTER ME ! ?- - HO-HO-HAW-HAW. -NOW I KNOW YOU'RE CRAZY !

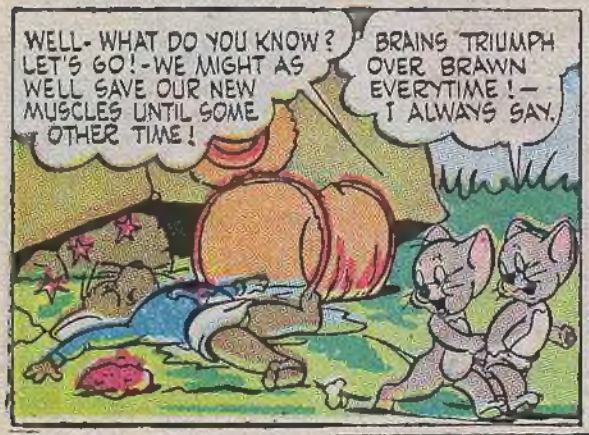

HAW-HAW- HO-HO-HO !
NOT SO CRAZY !











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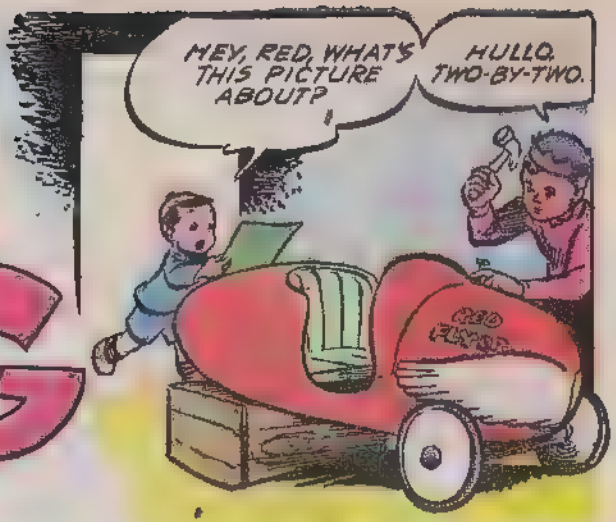
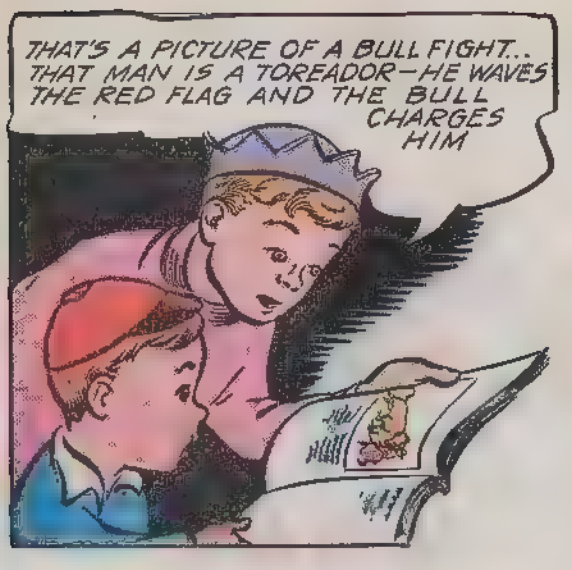
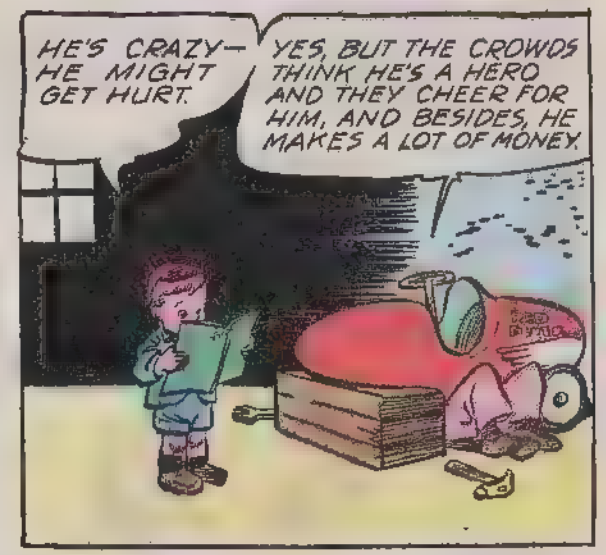
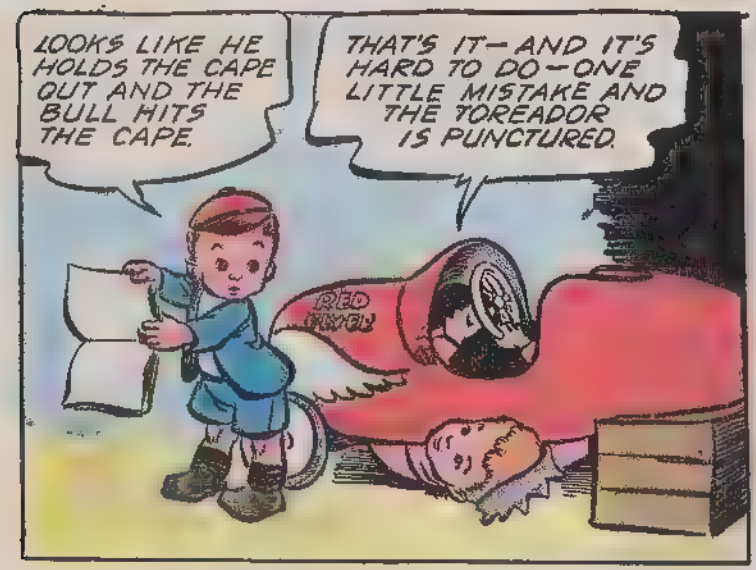
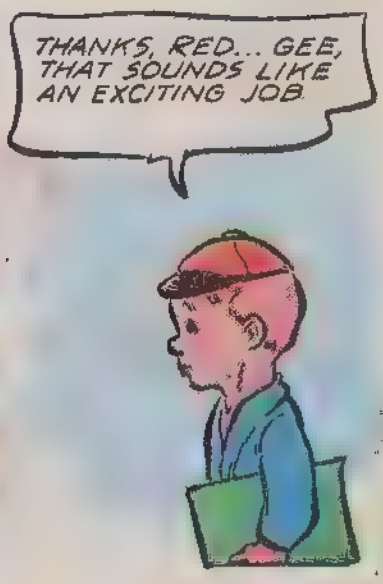
OUR GANG





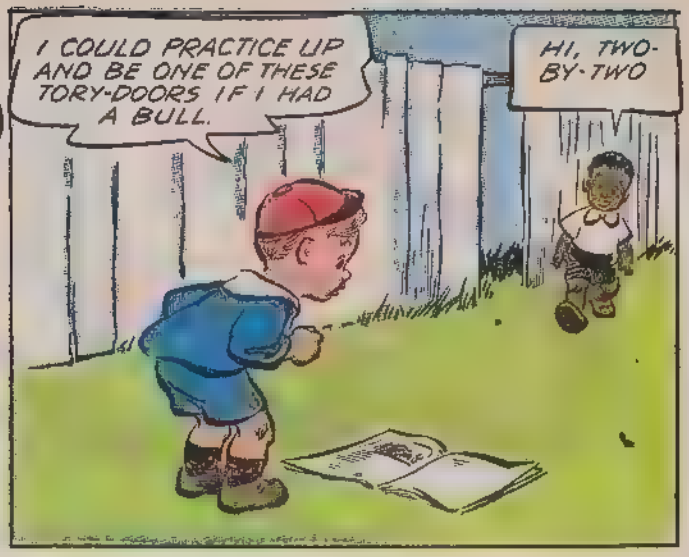


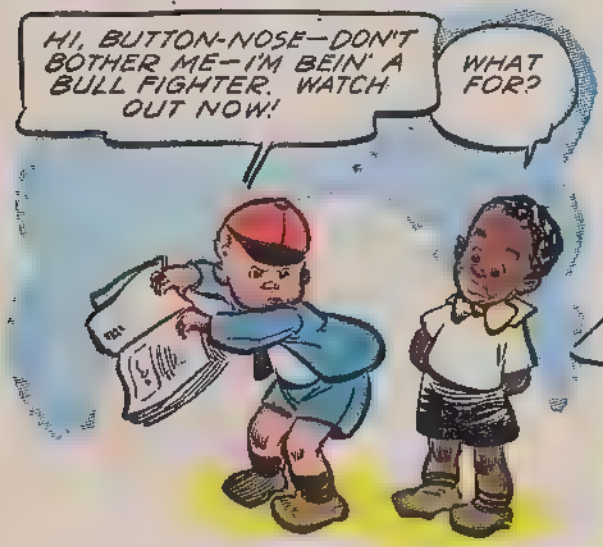


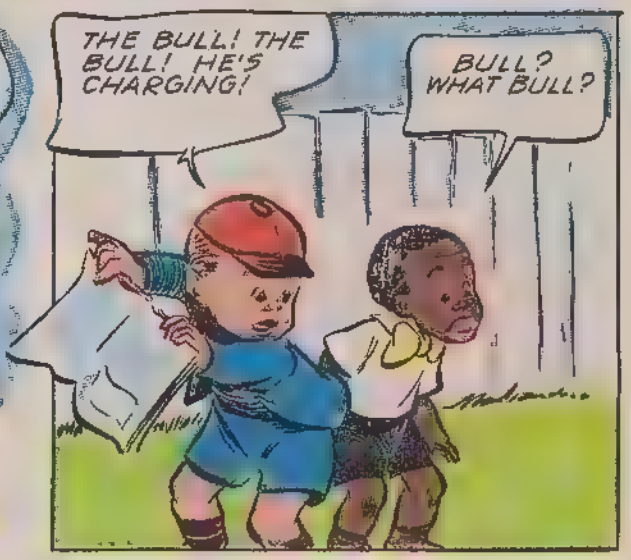


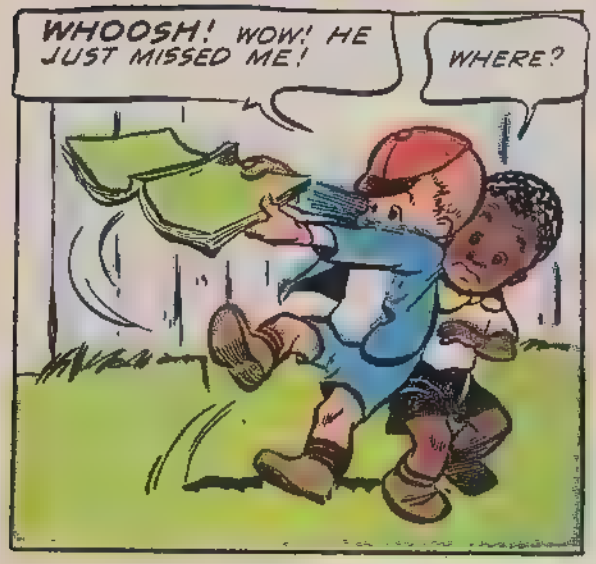
Give a gift subscription to OUR GANG. See back cover.

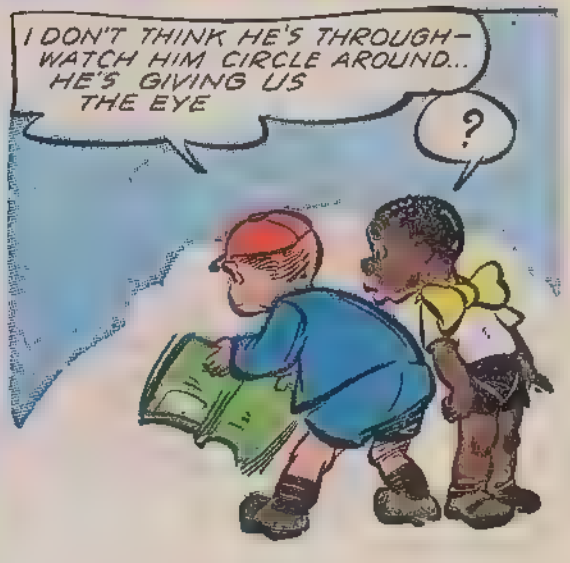
GOSH—WISH I COULD DO THAT!

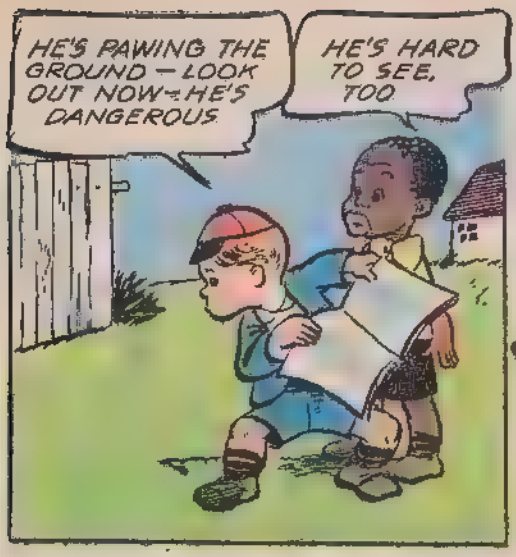

I COULD PRACTICE UP AND BE ONE OF THESE TORY-DOORS IF I HAD A BULL.
HI, TWO-BY-TWO

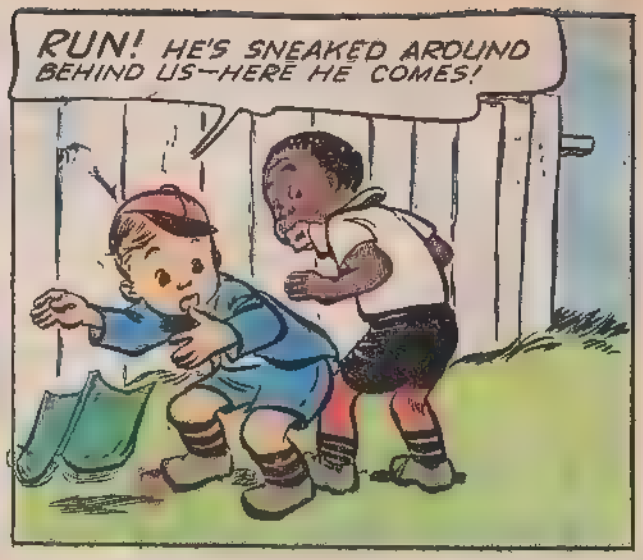

HI, BUTTON-NOSE—DON'T BOTHER ME—I'M BEIN' A BULL FIGHTER. WATCH OUT NOW!
WHAT FOR?

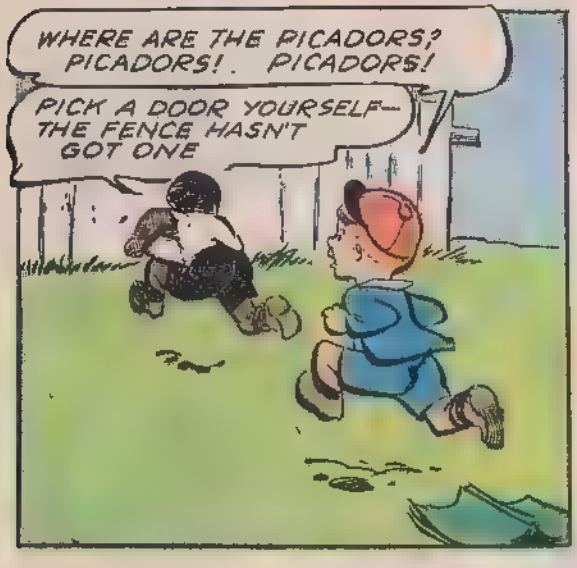

THE BULL! THE BULL! HE'S CHARGING!
BULL? WHAT BULL?

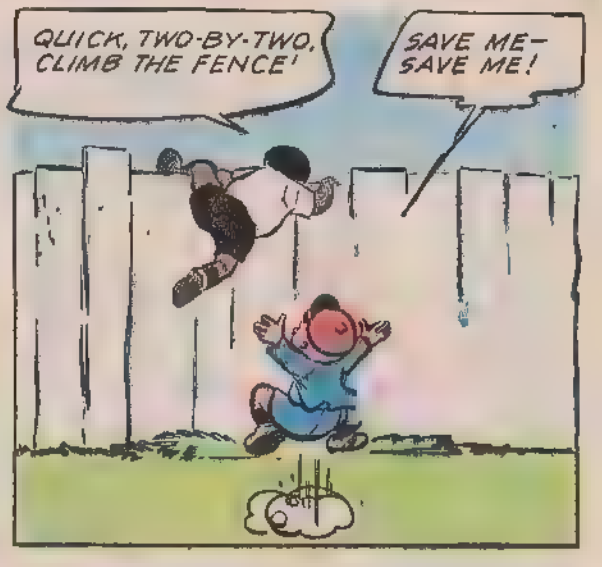

WHOOSH! WOW! HE JUST MISSED ME!
WHERE?

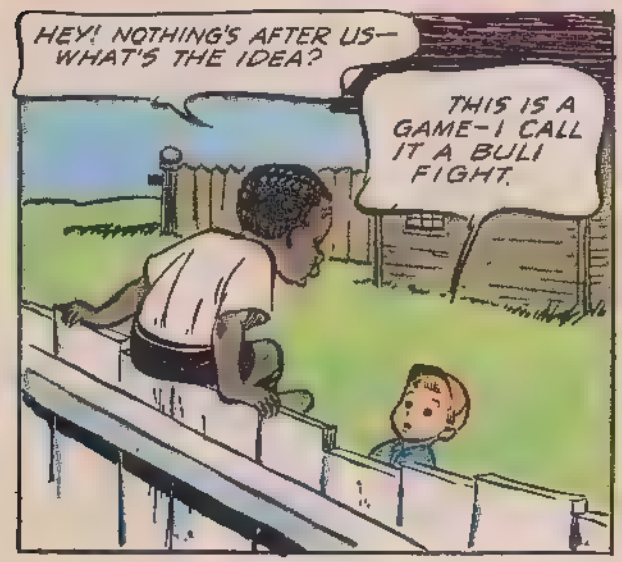

I DON'T THINK HE'S THROUGH—WATCH HIM CIRCLE AROUND... HE'S GIVING US THE EYE
?


HE'S PAWING THE GROUND — LOOK OUT NOW — HE'S DANGEROUS
HE'S HARD TO SEE, TOO

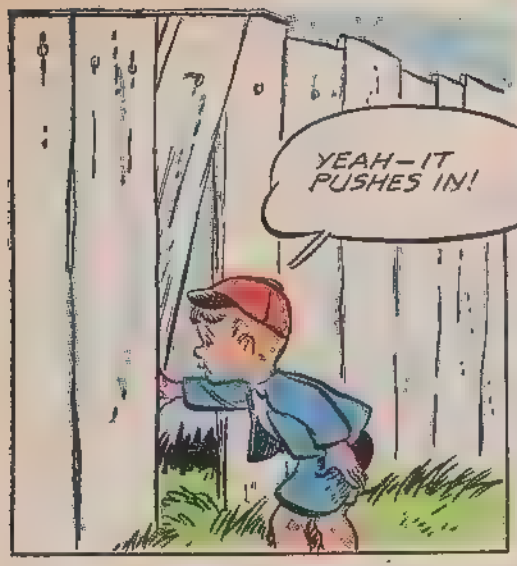

RUN! HE'S SNEAKED AROUND BEHIND US—HERE HE COMES!

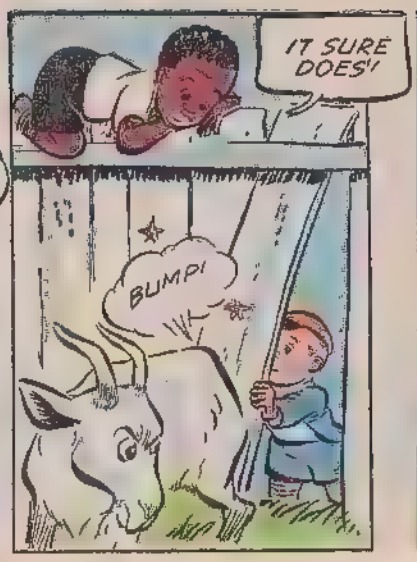

WHERE ARE THE PICADORS? PICADORS! PICADORS!
PICK A DOOR YOURSELF— THE FENCE HASN'T GOT ONE


QUICK, TWO-BY-TWO, CLIMB THE FENCE!
SAVE ME— SAVE ME!

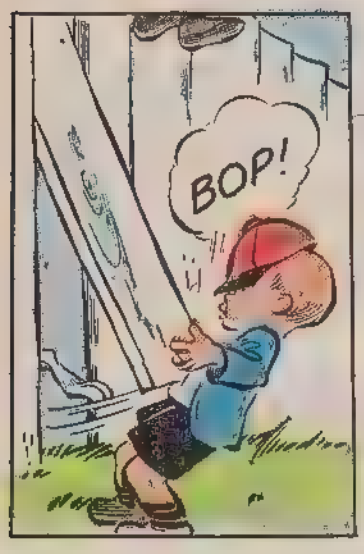

HEY! NOTHING'S AFTER US— WHAT'S THE IDEA?
THIS IS A GAME—I CALL IT A BULI FIGHT.

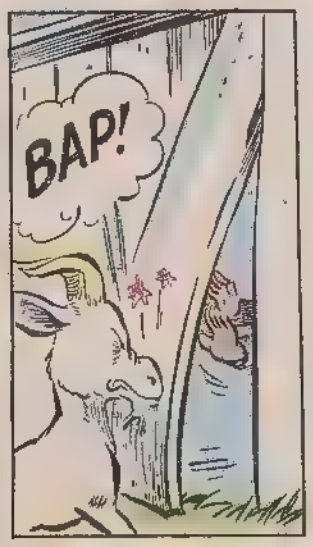
THE FIRST PART OF THE NAME IS GOOD—UH, SAY, ISN'T THIS A LOOSE BOARD IN THE FENCE?

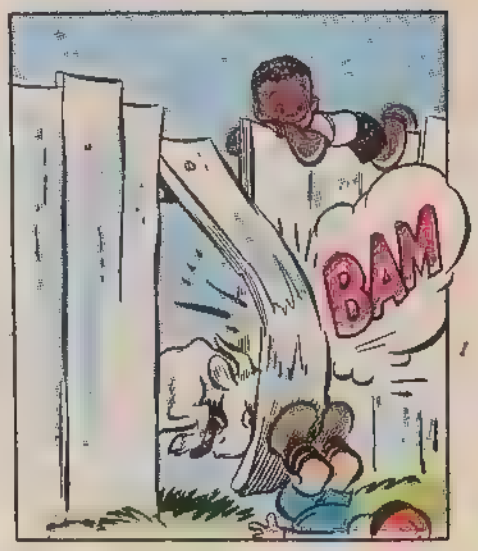

YEAH—IT PUSHES IN!

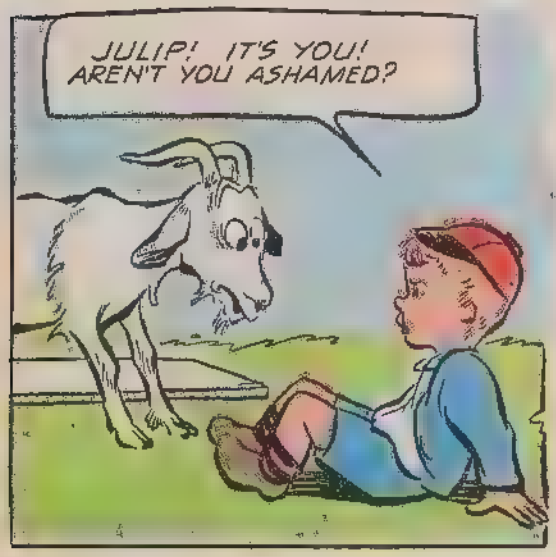

IT SURE DOES!
BUMP!

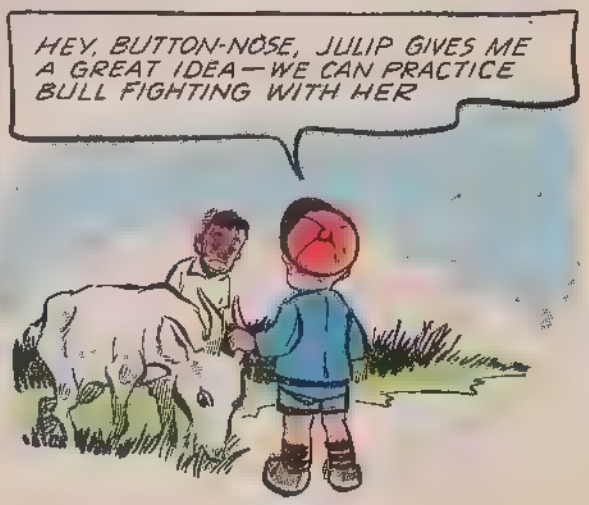
BOOP!

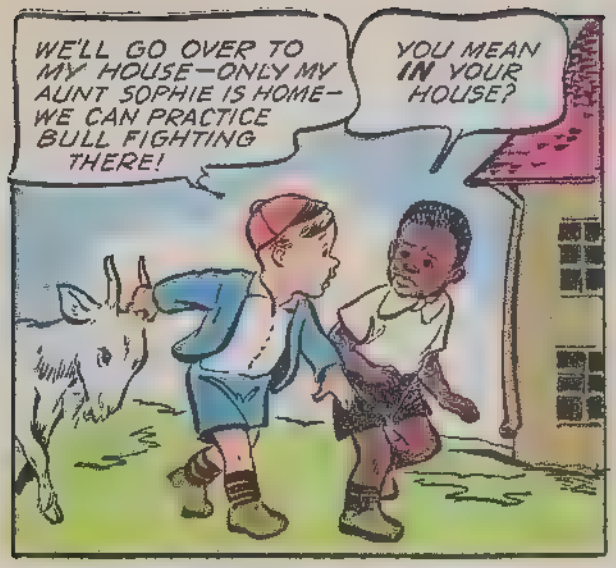

BOP!

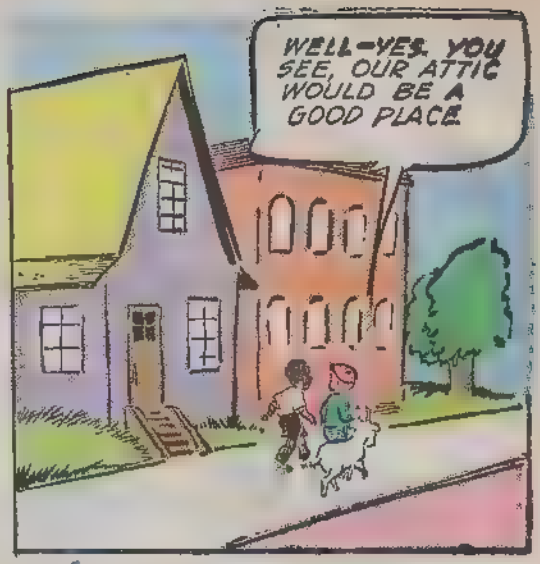

BAP!

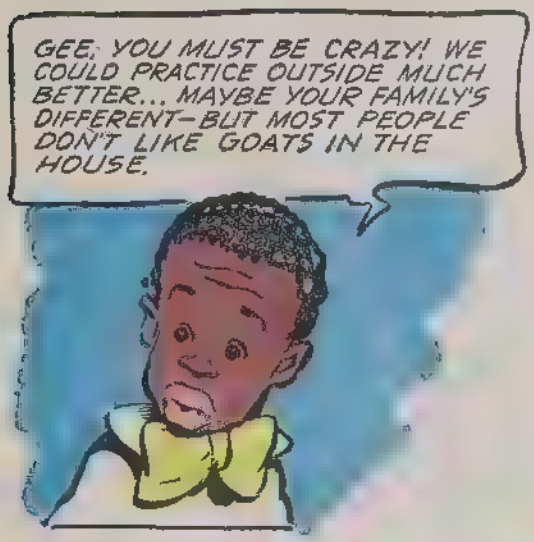

BAM

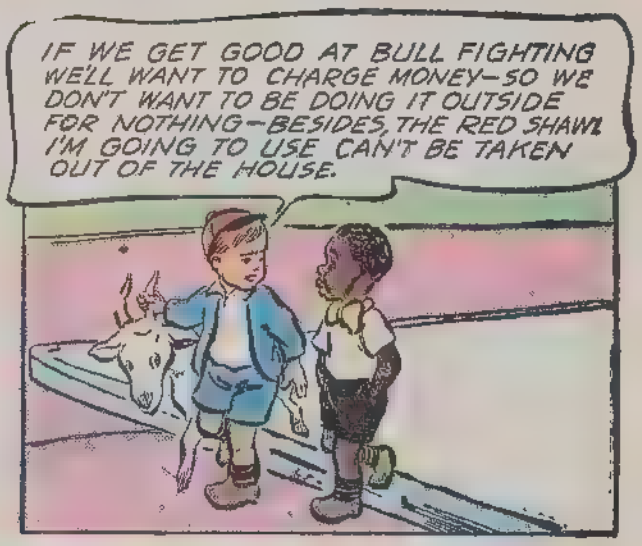

JULIP! IT'S YOU! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?

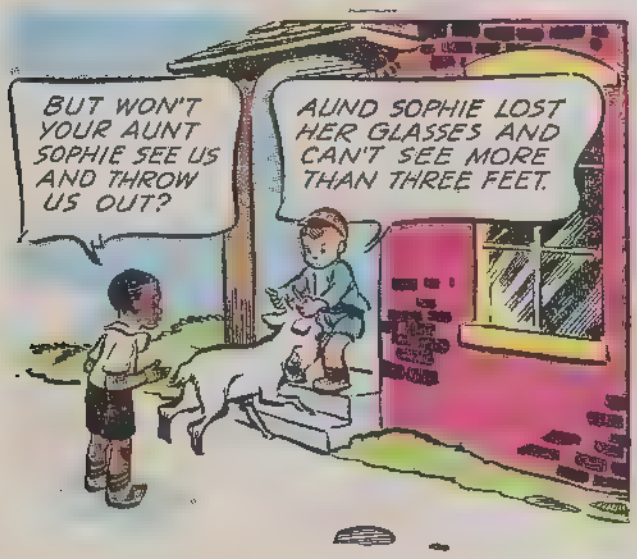

HEY, BUTTON-NOSE, JULIP GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA—WE CAN PRACTICE BULL FIGHTING WITH HER

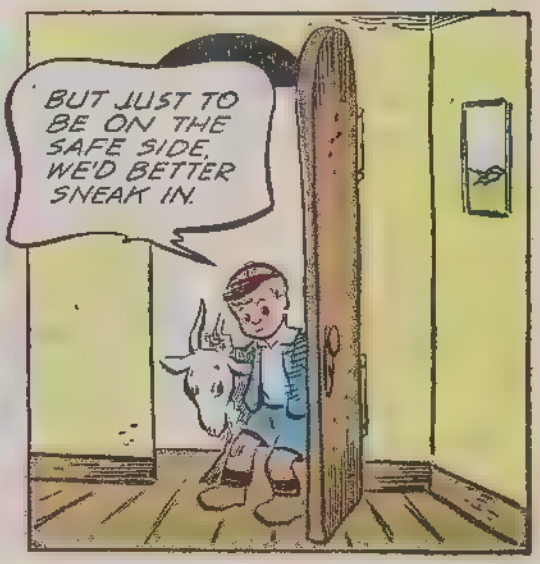

WE'LL GO OVER TO MY HOUSE—ONLY MY AUNT SOPHIE IS HOME—WE CAN PRACTICE BULL FIGHTING THERE!
YOU MEAN IN YOUR HOUSE?

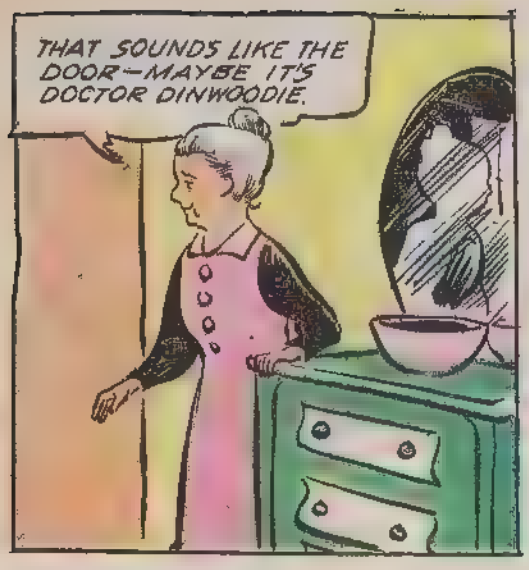

WELL—YES. YOU SEE, OUR ATTIC WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE.

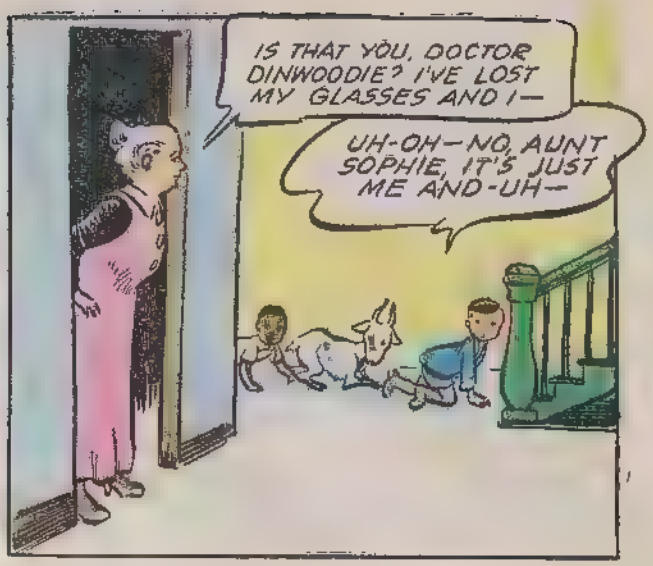

GEE, YOU MUST BE CRAZY! WE COULD PRACTICE OUTSIDE MUCH BETTER... MAYBE YOUR FAMILY'S DIFFERENT—BUT MOST PEOPLE DON'T LIKE GOATS IN THE HOUSE.

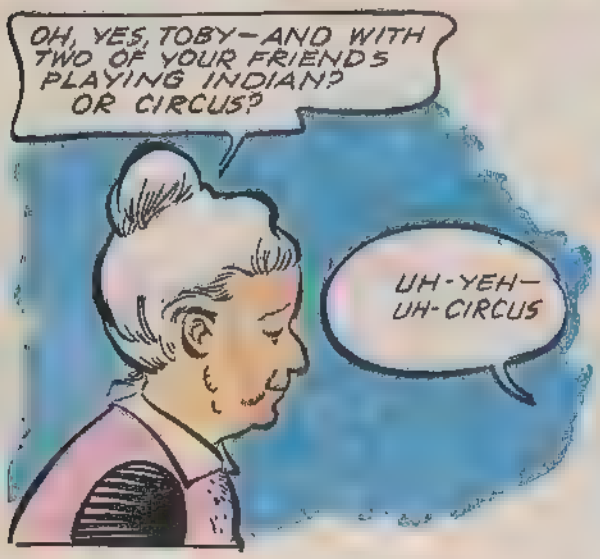

IF WE GET GOOD AT BULL FIGHTING WE'LL WANT TO CHARGE MONEY—SO WE DON'T WANT TO BE DOING IT OUTSIDE FOR NOTHING—BESIDES, THE RED SHAWL I'M GOING TO USE CAN'T BE TAKEN OUT OF THE HOUSE.

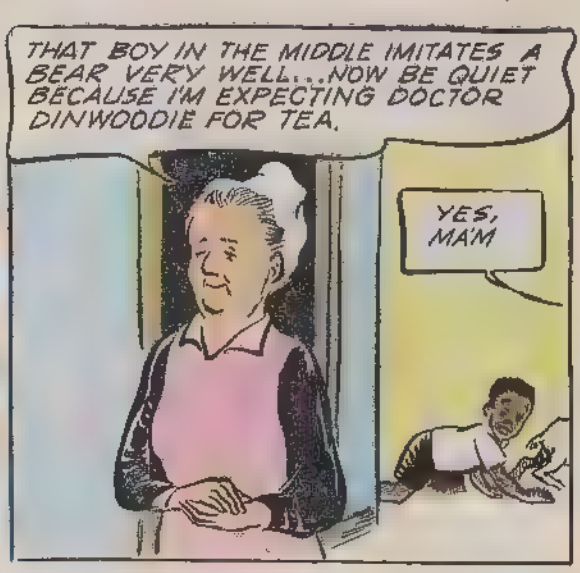

BUT WON'T YOUR AUNT SOPHIE SEE US AND THROW US OUT?
AUND SOPHIE LOST HER GLASSES AND CAN'T SEE MORE THAN THREE FEET.

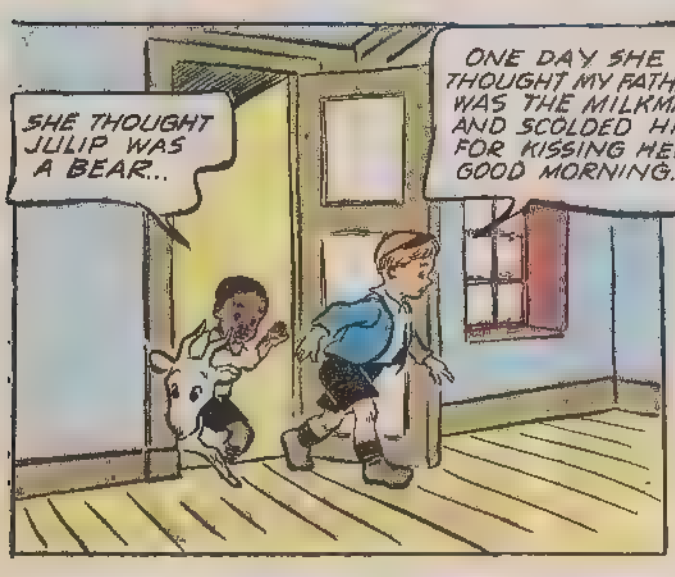

BUT JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, WE'D BETTER SNEAK IN.

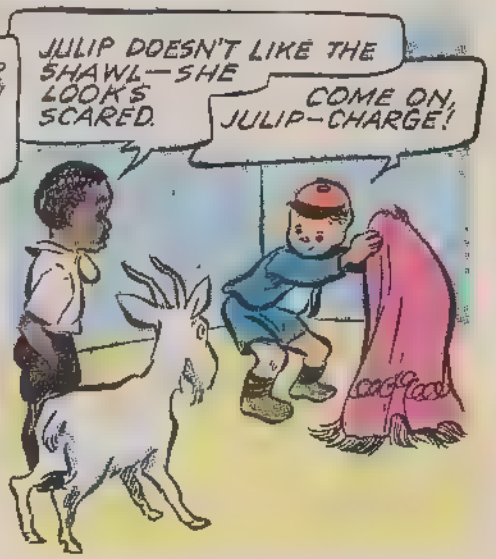

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE DOOR—MAYBE IT'S DOCTOR DINWOODIE.

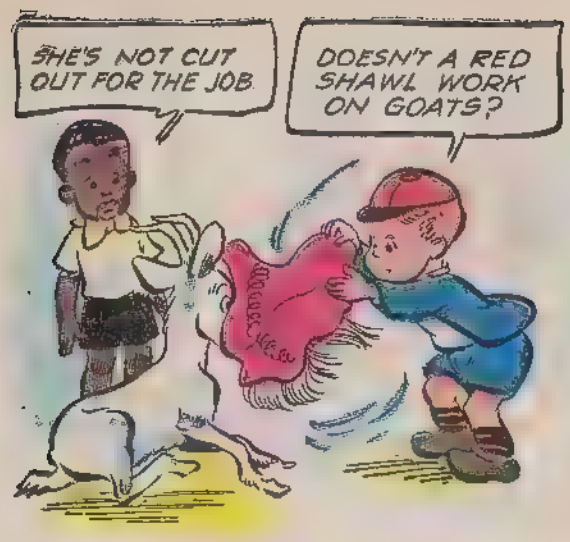

IS THAT YOU, DOCTOR DINWOODIE? I'VE LOST MY GLASSES AND I—
UH-OH—NO, AUNT SOPHIE, IT'S JUST ME AND-UH—

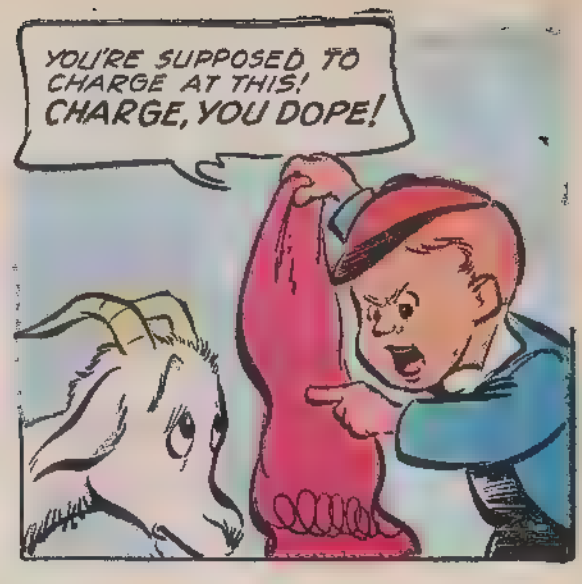

OH, YES, TOBY—AND WITH TWO OF YOUR FRIENDS PLAYING INDIAN? OR CIRCUS?
UH-YEH—UH-CIRCUS

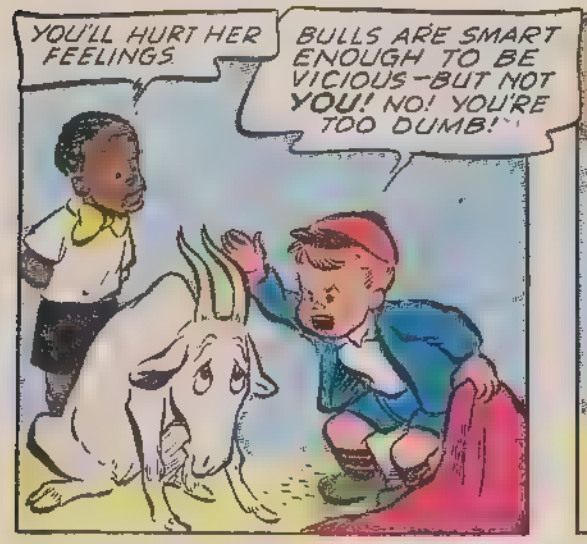

THAT BOY IN THE MIDDLE IMITATES A BEAR VERY WELL...NOW BE QUIET BECAUSE I'M EXPECTING DOCTOR DINWOODIE FOR TEA.
YES, MA'M

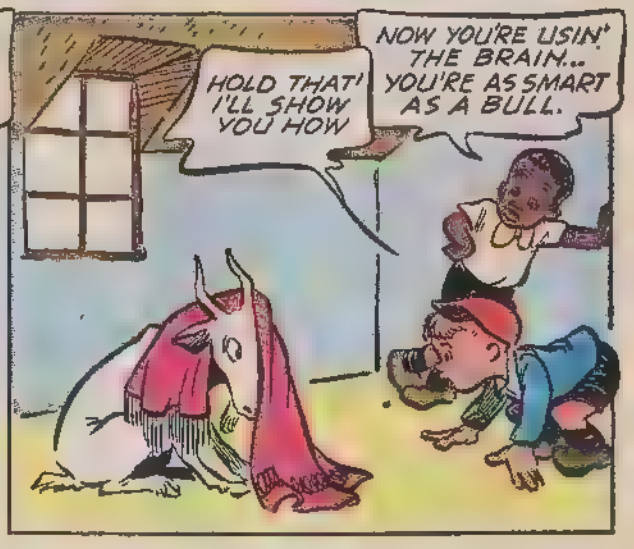

SHE THOUGHT JULIP WAS A BEAR..
ONE DAY SHE THOUGHT MY FATHER WAS THE MILKMAN AND SCOLDED HIM FOR KISSING HER GOOD MORNING.

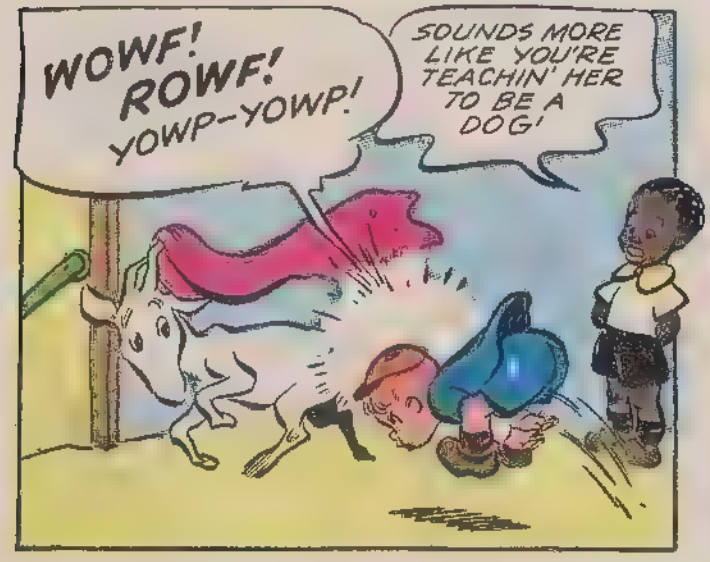

JULIP DOESN'T LIKE THE SHAWL—SHE LOOKS SCARED.
COME ON, JULIP—CHARGE!

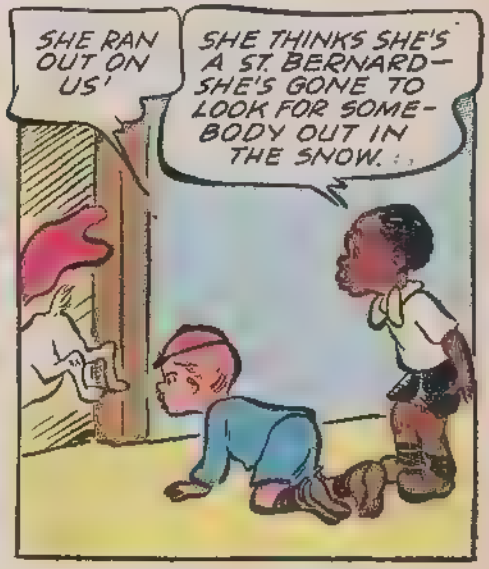

SHE'S NOT CUT OUT FOR THE JOB.
DOESN'T A RED SHAWL WORK ON GOATS?

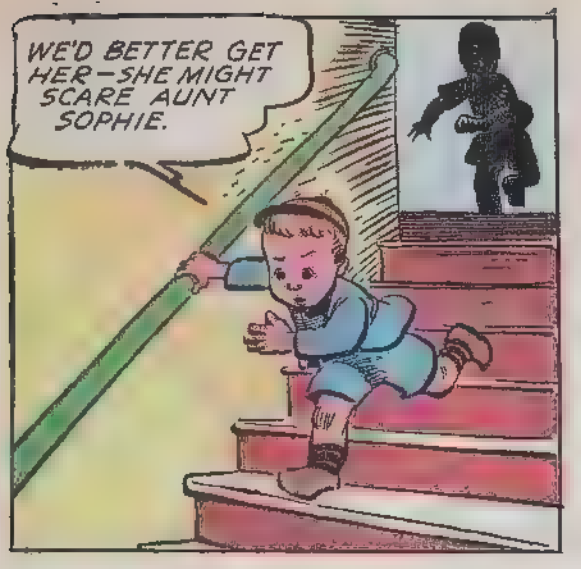

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CHARGE AT THIS! CHARGE, YOU DOPE!

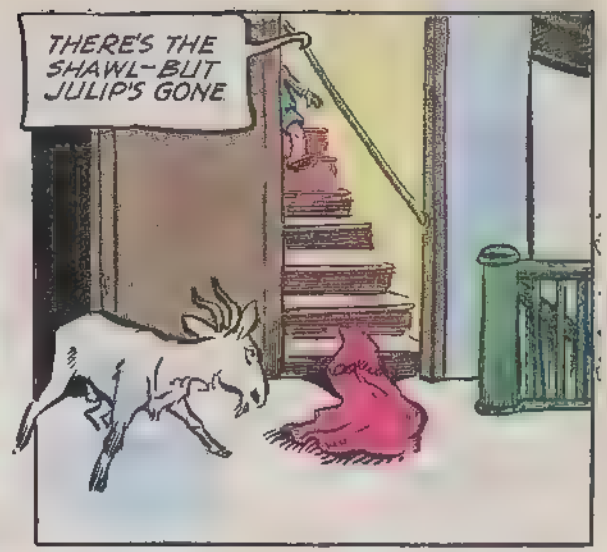

YOU'LL HURT HER FEELINGS.
BULLS ARE SMART ENOUGH TO BE VICIOUS—BUT NOT YOU! NO! YOU'RE TOO DUMB!

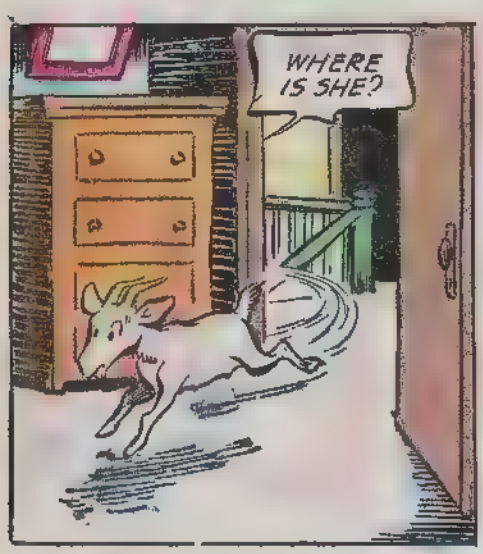

HOLD THAT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
NOW YOU'RE USIN' THE BRAIN... YOU'RE AS SMART AS A BULL.

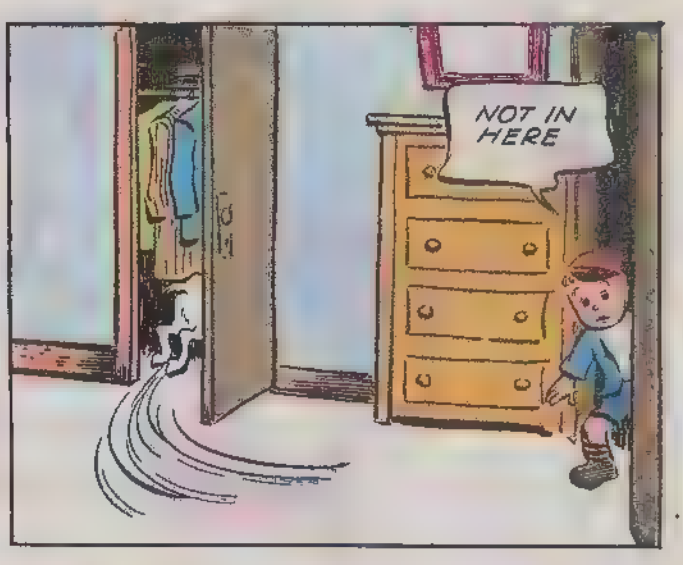

WOWF! ROWF! YOWP-YOWP!
SOUNDS MORE LIKE YOU'RE TEACHIN' HER TO BE A DOG!

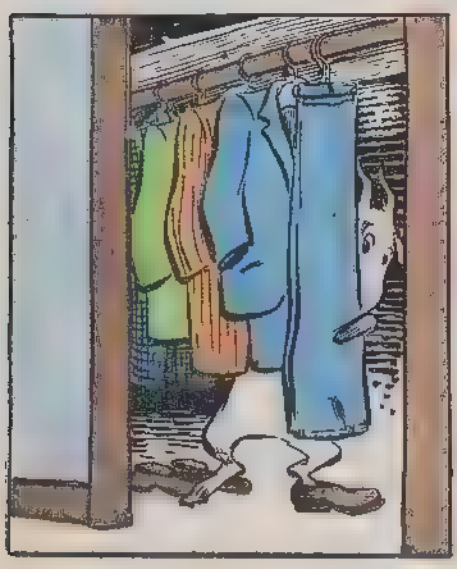

SHE RAN OUT ON US!
SHE THINKS SHE'S A ST. BERNARD—SHE'S GONE TO LOOK FOR SOMEBODY OUT IN THE SNOW.

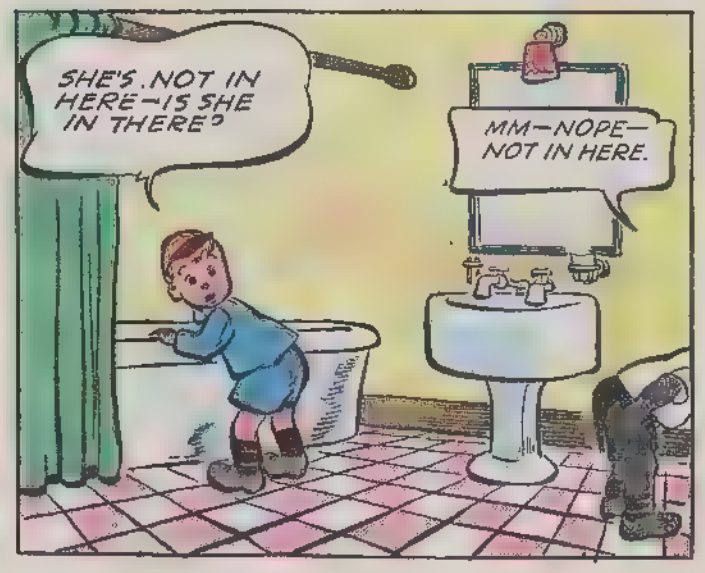

WE'D BETTER GET HER—SHE MIGHT SCARE AUNT SOPHIE.

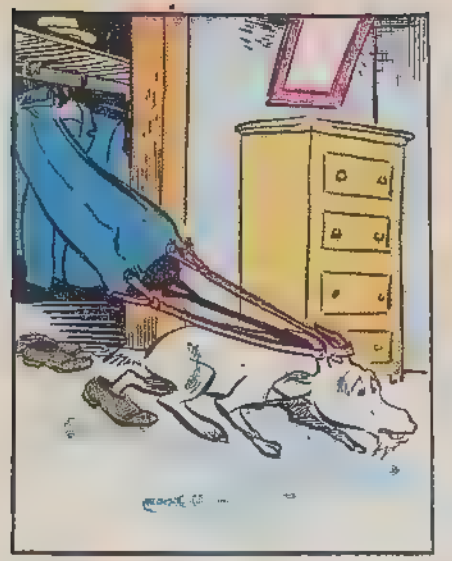

THERE'S THE SHAWL—BUT JULIP'S GONE

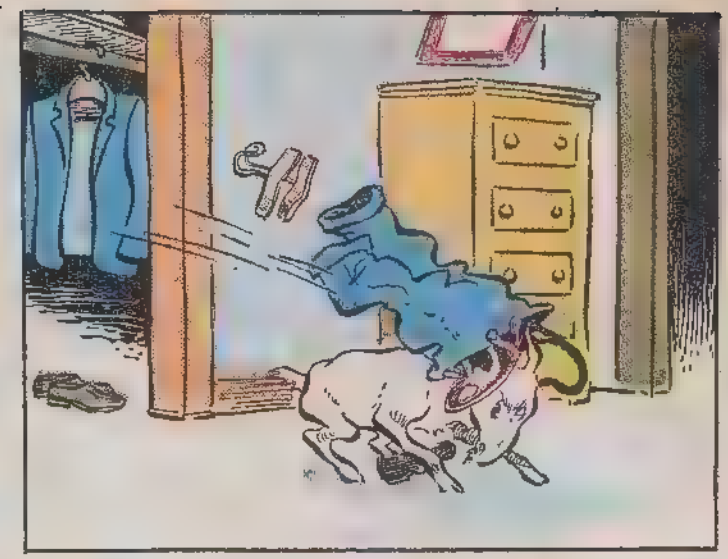

WHERE IS SHE?

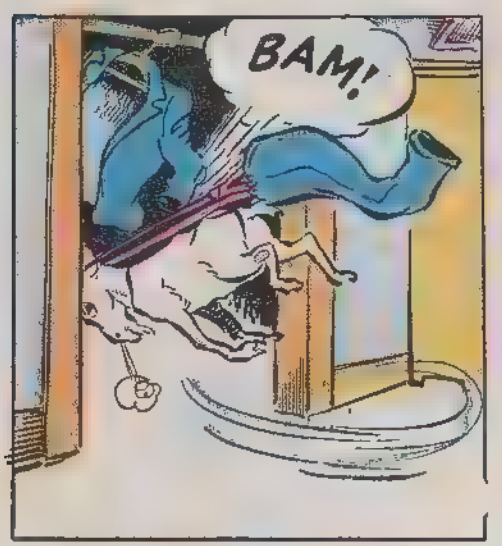

NOT IN HERE

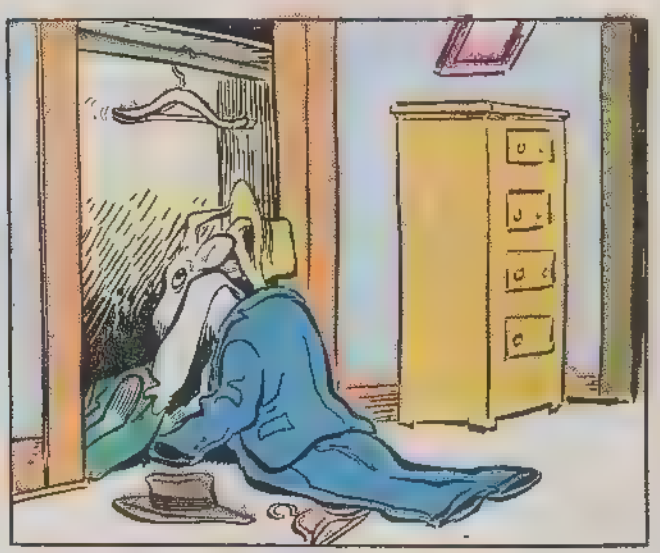


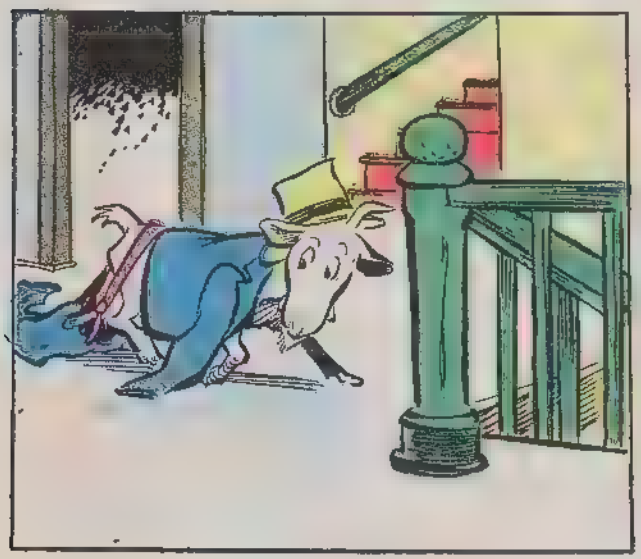

SHE'S NOT IN HERE—IS SHE IN THERE?
MM—NOPE—NOT IN HERE.

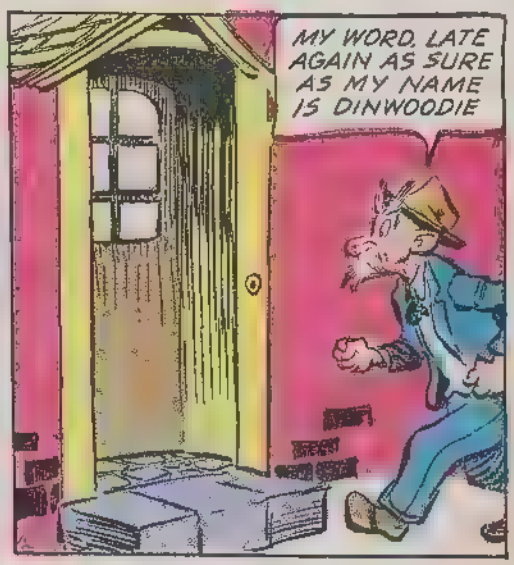




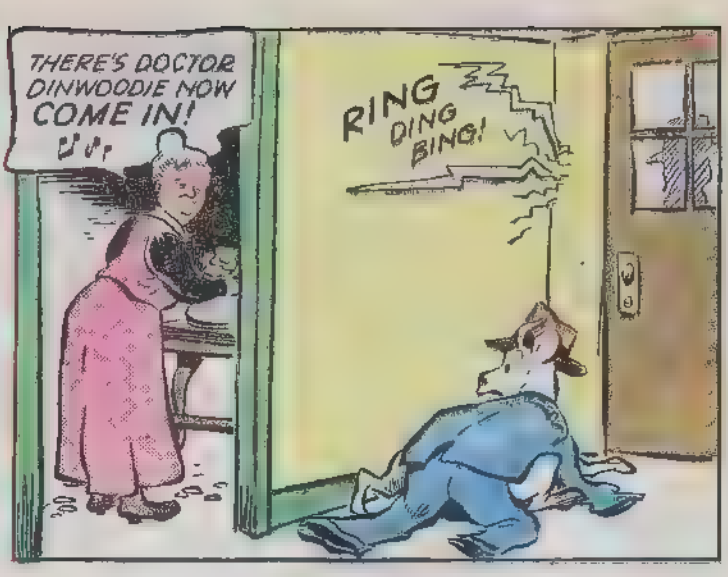

BAM!

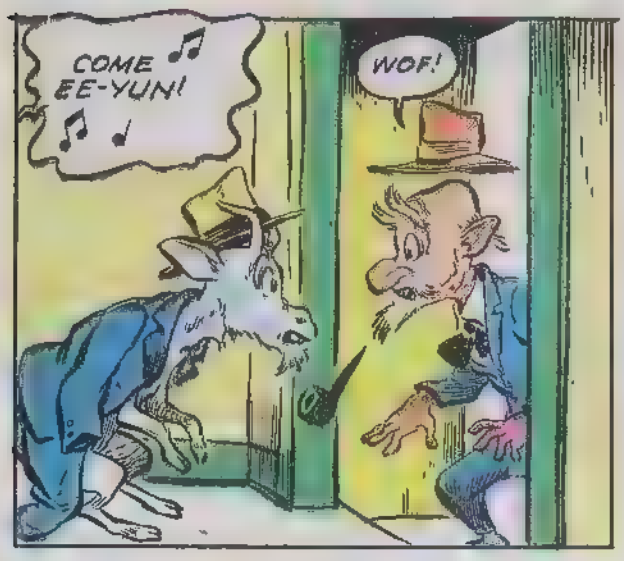





MY WORD, LATE AGAIN AS SURE AS MY NAME IS DINWOODIE

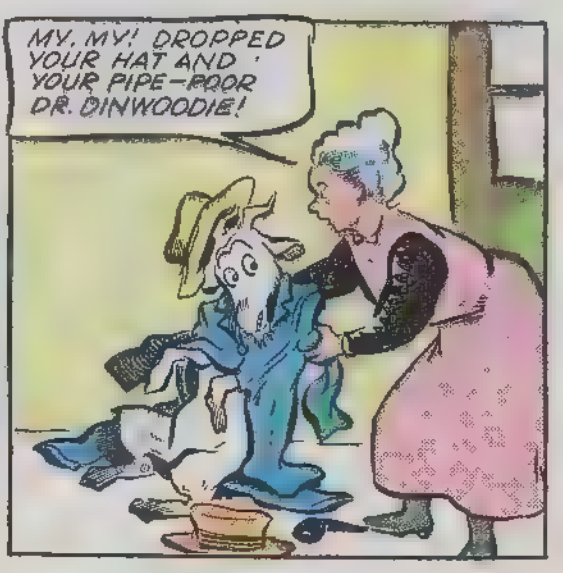
HMM, TUM-TE-TUM...

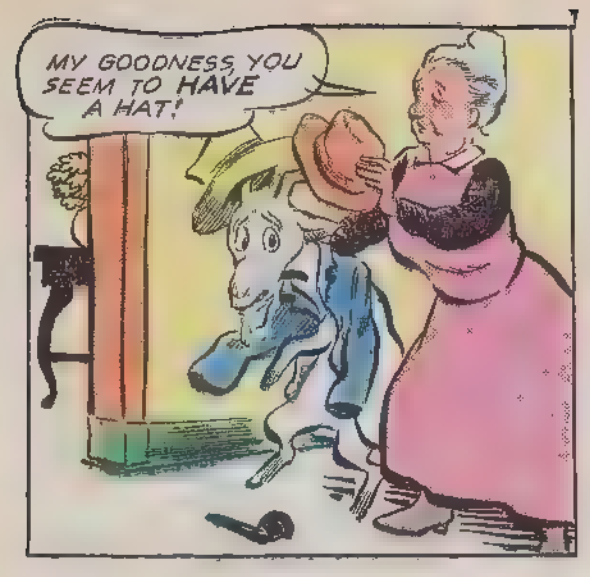

THERE'S DOCTOR DINWOODIE NOW COME IN!
RING DING BING!


COME EE-YUN!
WOF!

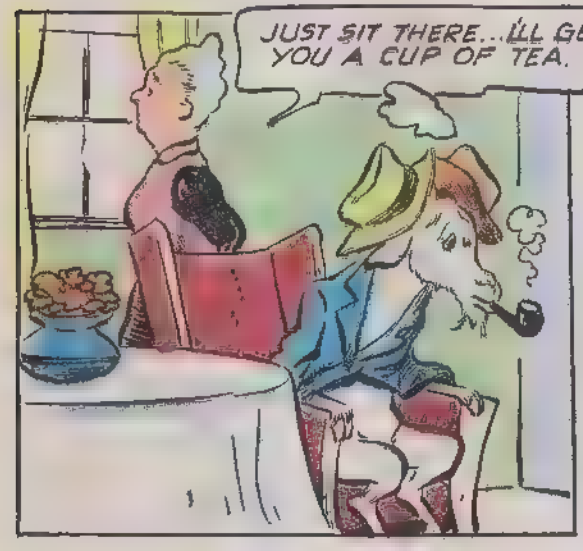
SLAM!
A MONSTER!

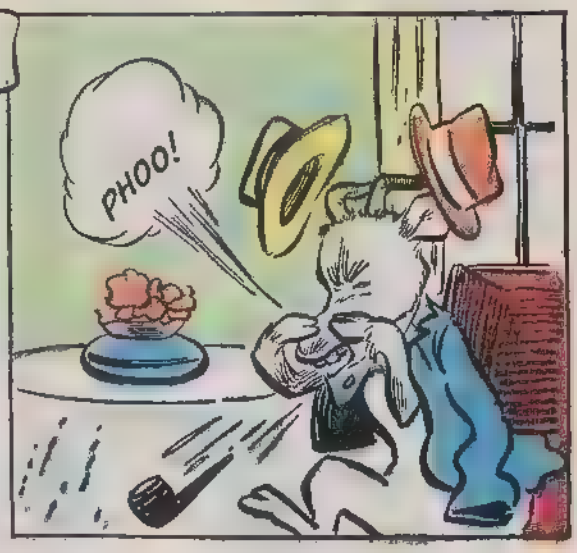
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? OH, DOCTOR DINWOODIE, YOU MUST HAVE FALLEN DOWN!

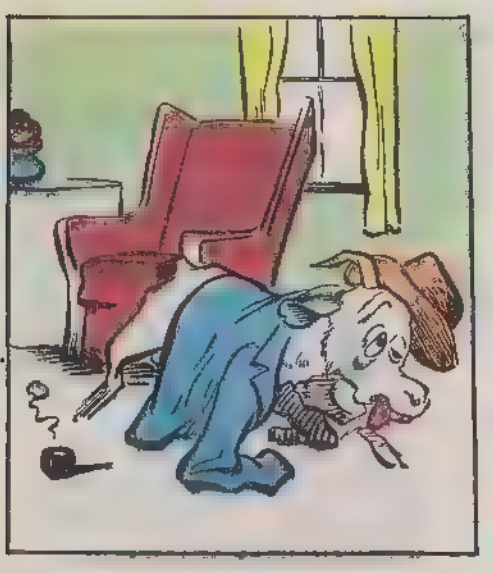

MY, MY! DROPPED YOUR HAT AND YOUR PIPE—POOR DR. DINWOODIE!


MY GOODNESS, YOU SEEM TO HAVE A HAT!

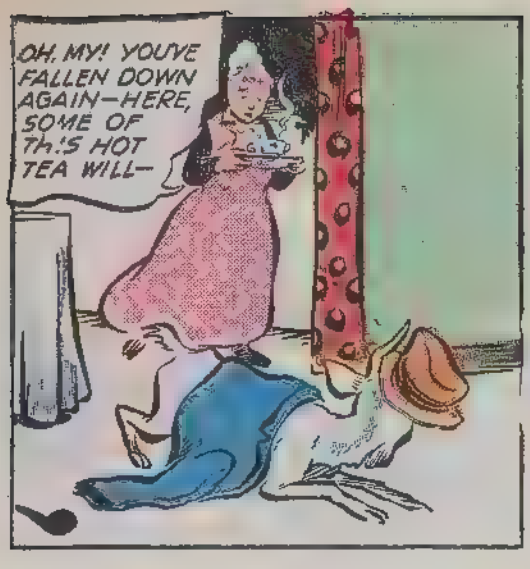
TSK, TSK—YOUR SUIT'S ALL DISARRAYED TOO—MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD FALL.

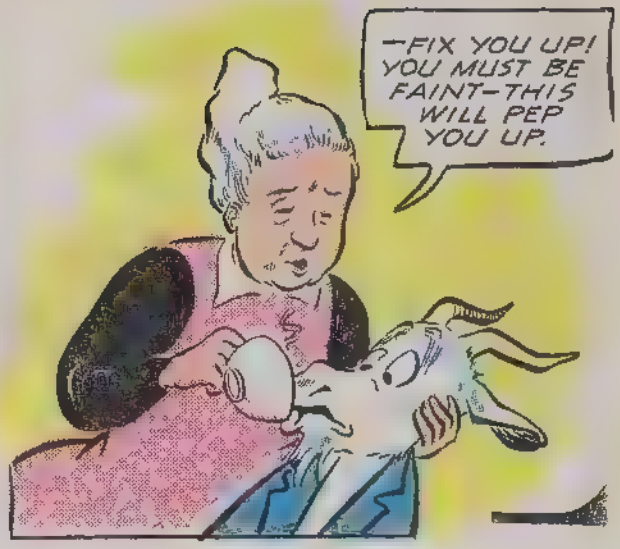

JUST SIT THERE...I'LL GET YOU A CUP OF TEA.


PHOO!

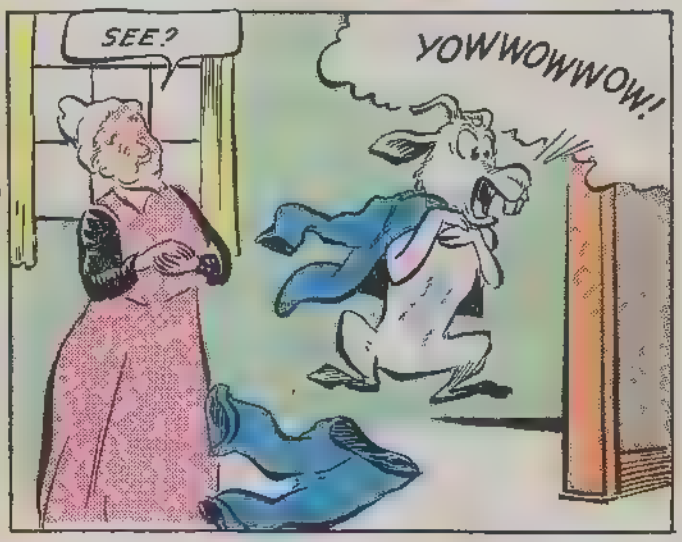


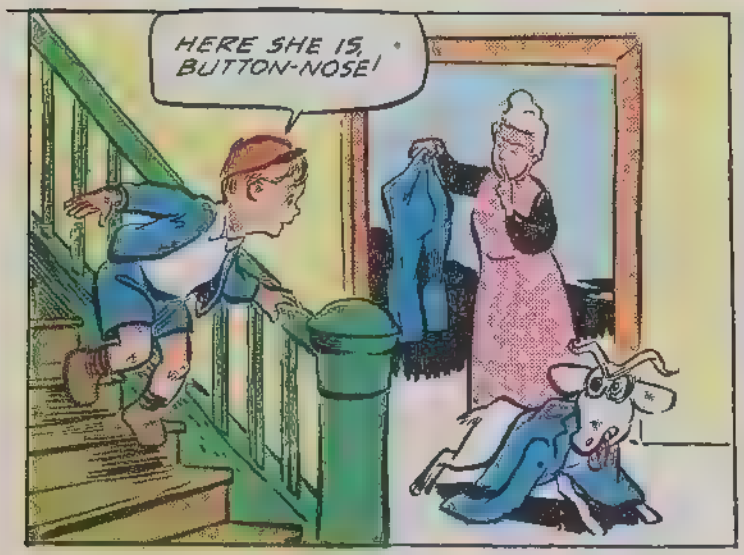
DOCTOR DINWOODLE ALWAYS HAS PLENTY OF SUGAR IN HIS TEA.
SALT

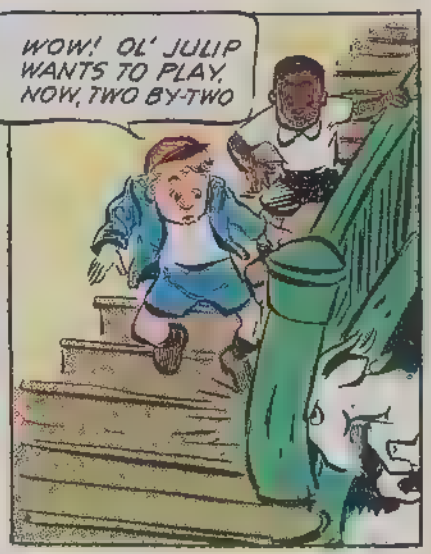

OH, MY! YOU'VE FALLEN DOWN AGAIN—HERE, SOME OF Th!S HOT TEA WILL—

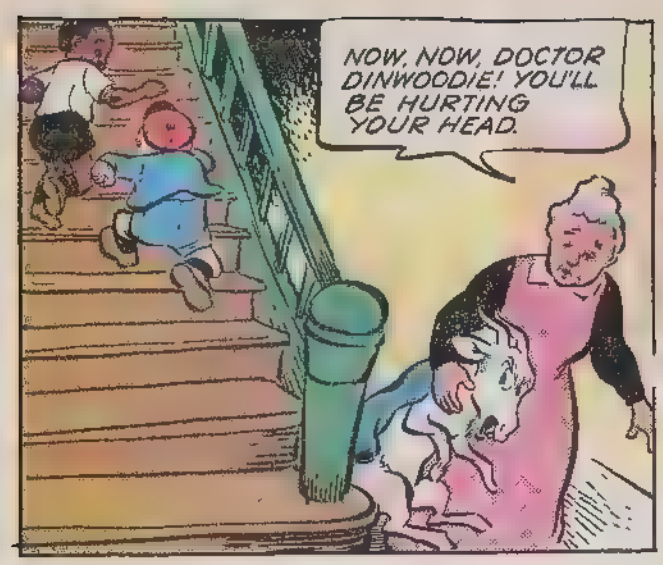

—FIX YOU UP! YOU MUST BE FAINT—THIS WILL PEP YOU UP.

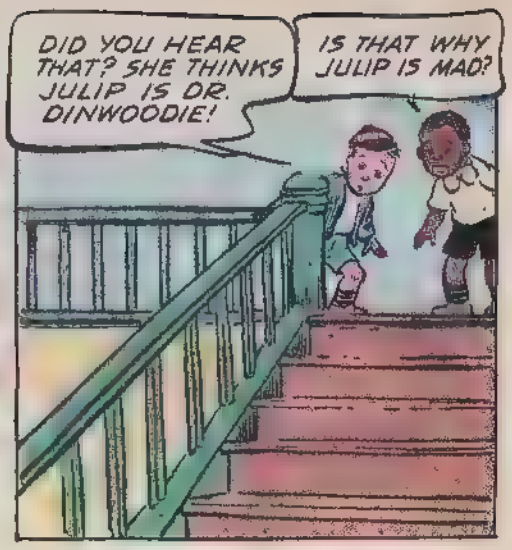
OZMBSFT!

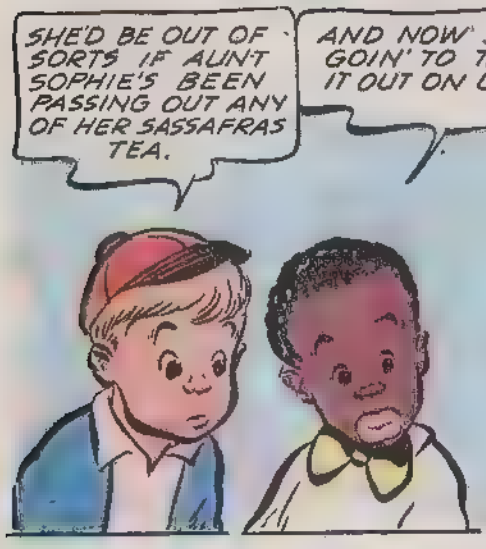

SEE?
YOWWOWWOW!

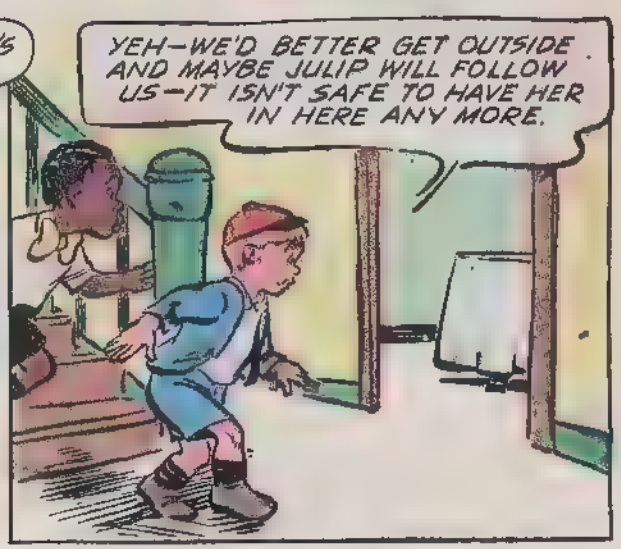

HERE SHE IS, BUTTON-NOSE!

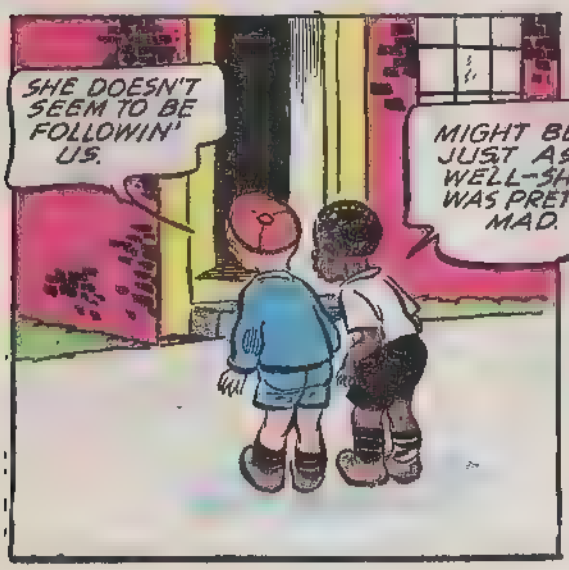

WOW! OL' JULIP WANTS TO PLAY. NOW, TWO BY-TWO

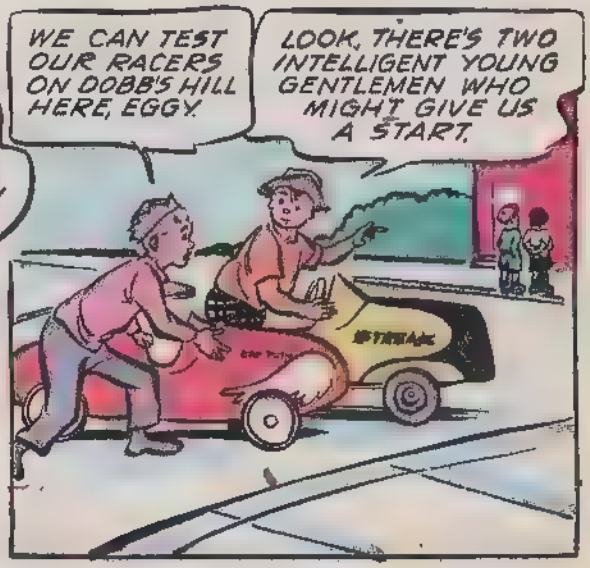

NOW, NOW, DOCTOR DINWOODIE! YOU'LL BE HURTING YOUR HEAD.

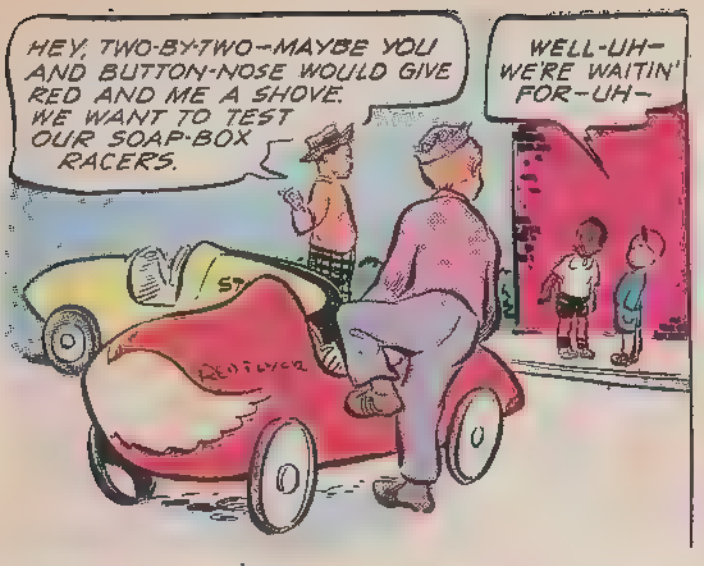

DID YOU HEAR THAT? SHE THINKS JULIP IS DR. DINWOODIE!
IS THAT WHY JULIP IS MAD?

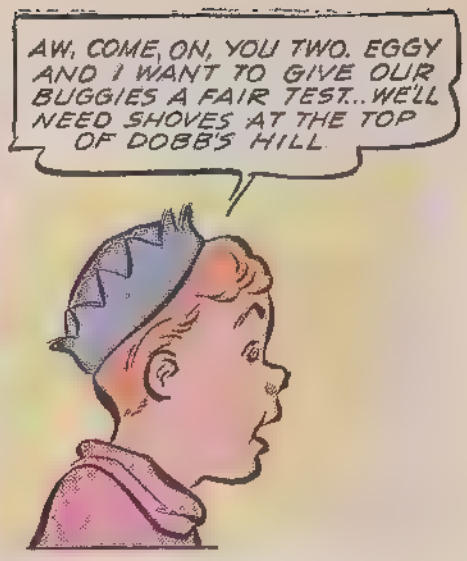

SHE'D BE OUT OF SORTS IF AUNT SOPHIE'S BEEN PASSING OUT ANY OF HER SASSAFRAS TEA.
AND NOW JULIP'S GOIN' TO TAKE IT OUT ON US.

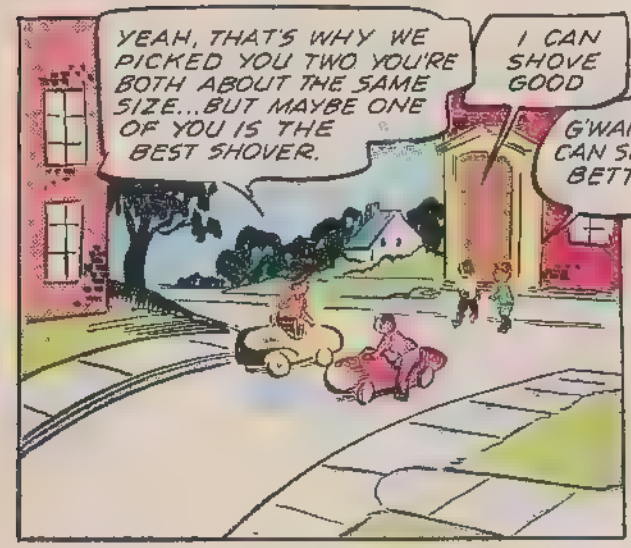

YEH—WE'D BETTER GET OUTSIDE AND MAYBE JULIP WILL FOLLOW US—IT ISN'T SAFE TO HAVE HER IN HERE ANY MORE.

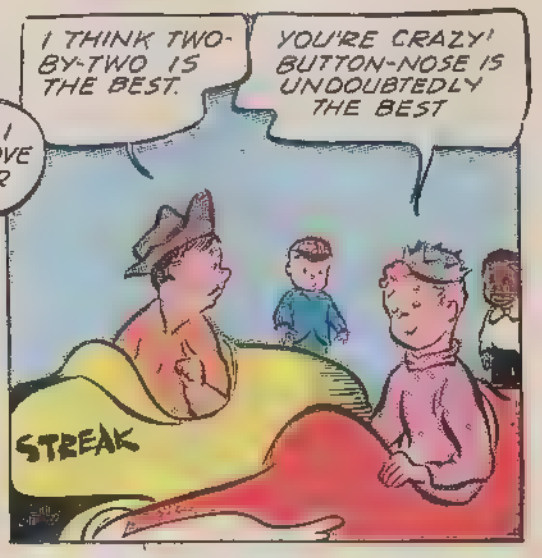

SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE FOLLOWIN' US.
MIGHT BE JUST AS WELL—SHE WAS PRETTY MAD.

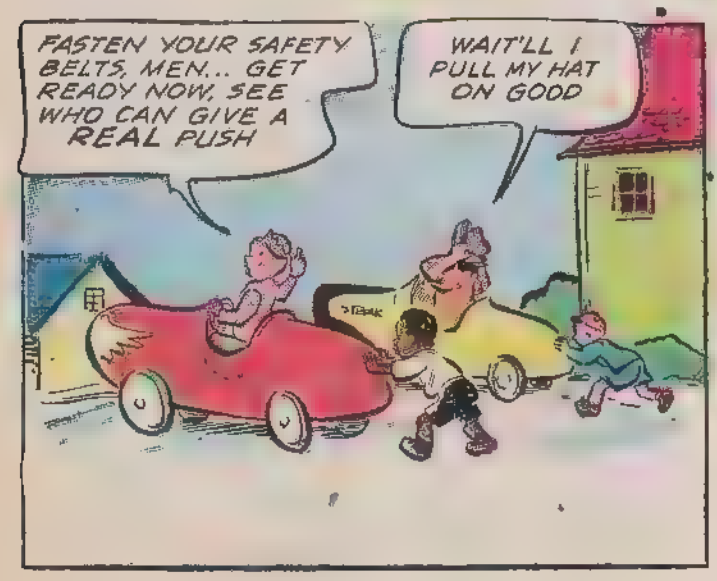

WE CAN TEST OUR RACERS ON DOBB'S HILL HERE, EGGY.
LOOK, THERE'S TWO INTELLIGENT YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO MIGHT GIVE US A START.

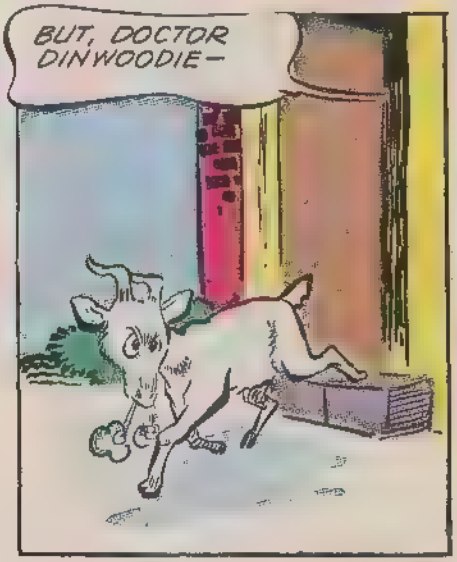

HEY, TWO-BY-TWO—MAYBE YOU AND BUTTON-NOSE WOULD GIVE RED AND ME A SHOVE. WE WANT TO TEST OUR SOAP-BOX RACERS.
WELL-UH—WE'RE WAITIN' FOR—UH—

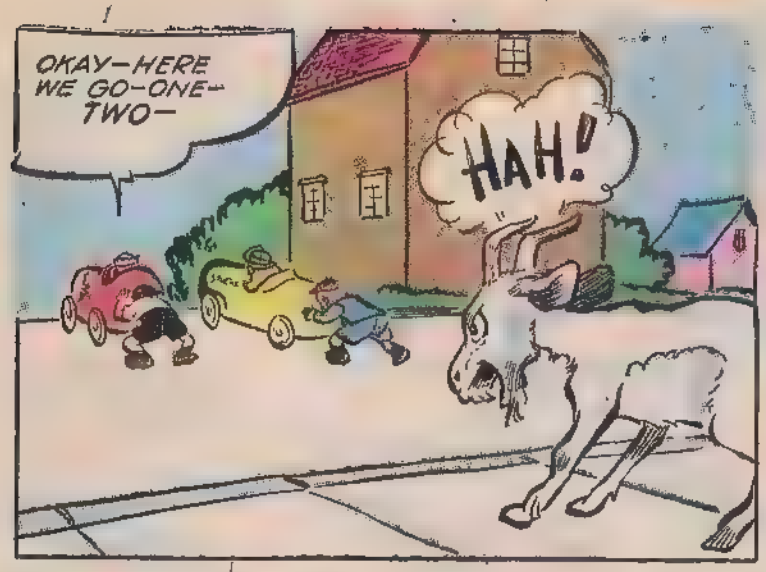

AW, COME ON, YOU TWO. EGGY AND I WANT TO GIVE OUR BUGGIES A FAIR TEST... WE'LL NEED SHOVES AT THE TOP OF DOBB'S HILL

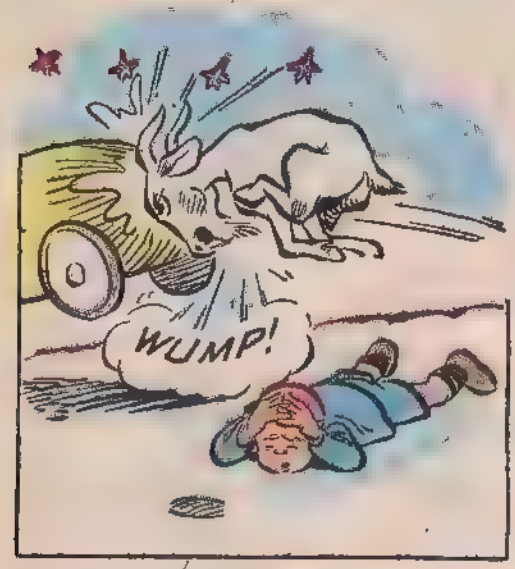

YEAH, THAT'S WHY WE PICKED YOU TWO YOU'RE BOTH ABOUT THE SAME SIZE... BUT MAYBE ONE OF YOU IS THE BEST SHOVER.
I CAN SHOVE GOOD
G'WAN! I CAN SHOVE BETTER

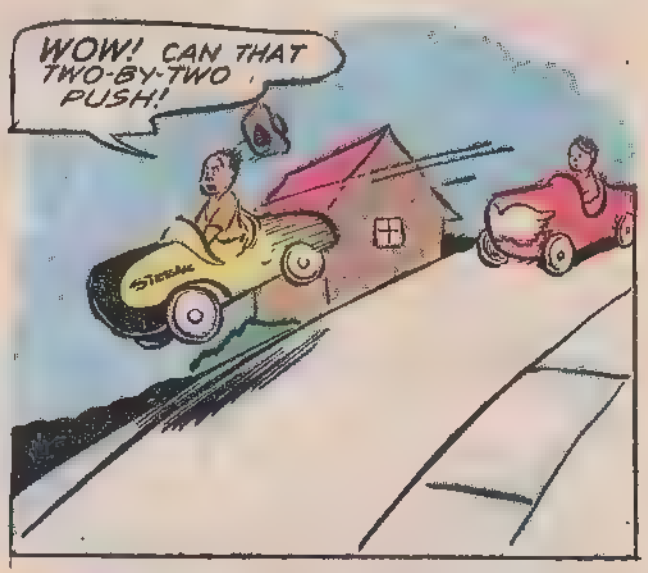

I THINK TWO-BY-TWO IS THE BEST.
YOU'RE CRAZY! BUTTON-NOSE IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST
STREAK

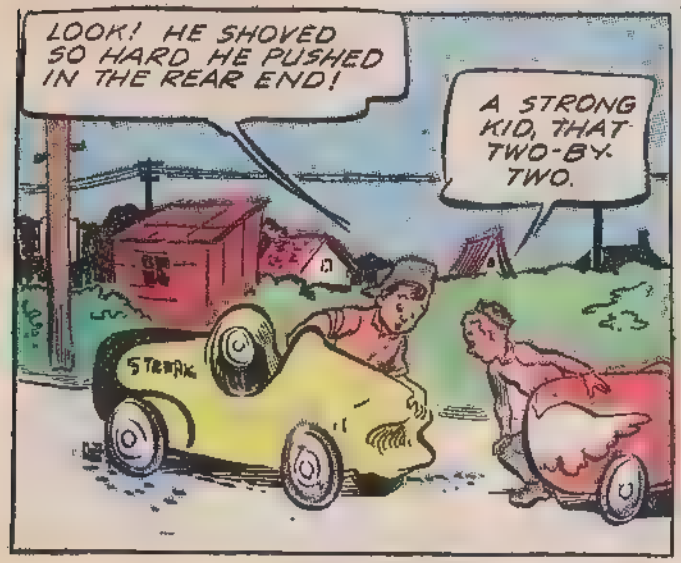

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, MEN... GET READY NOW, SEE WHO CAN GIVE A REAL PUSH
WAIT'LL I PULL MY HAT ON GOOD

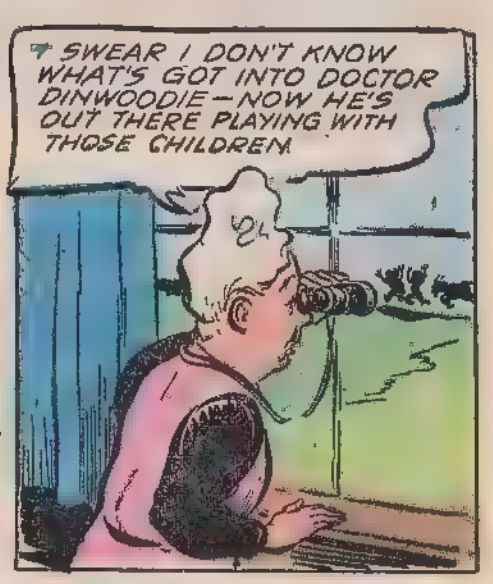

BUT, DOCTOR DINWOODIE—



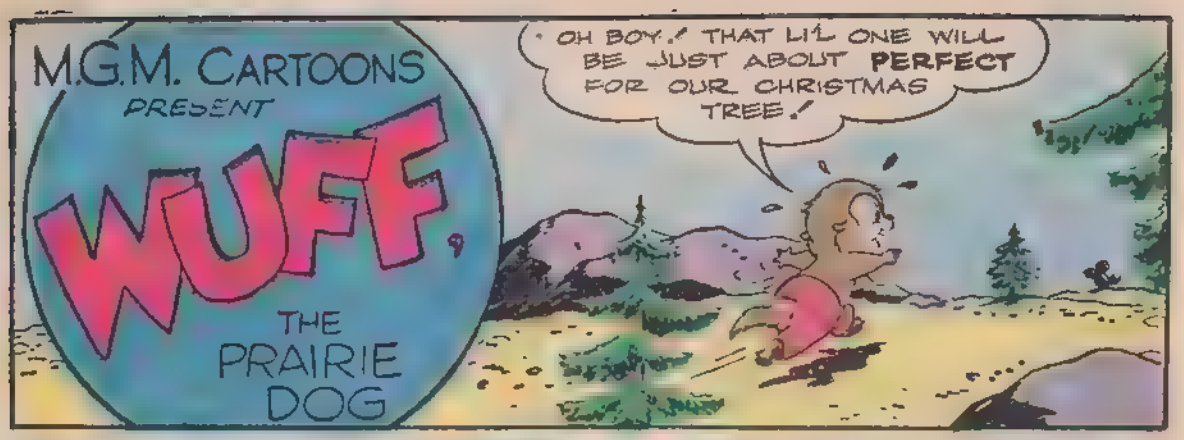


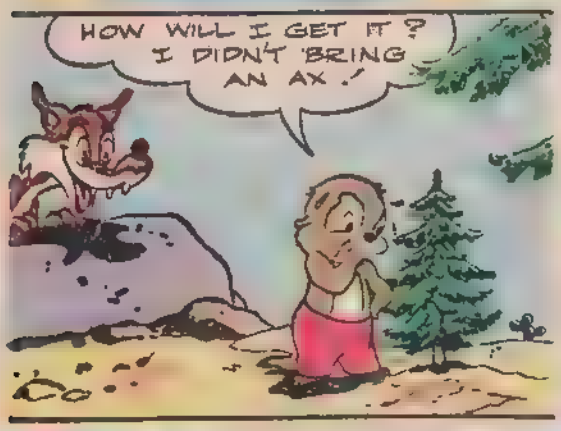


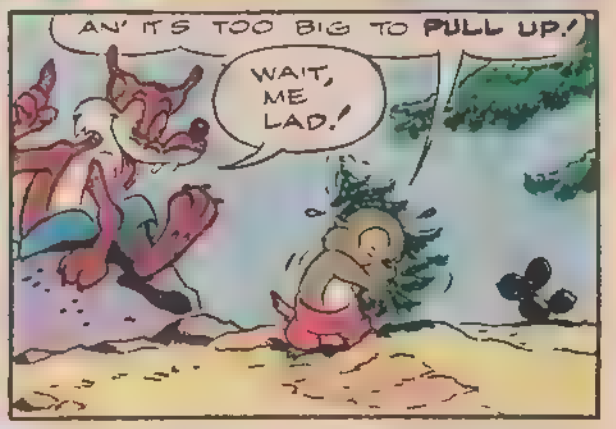


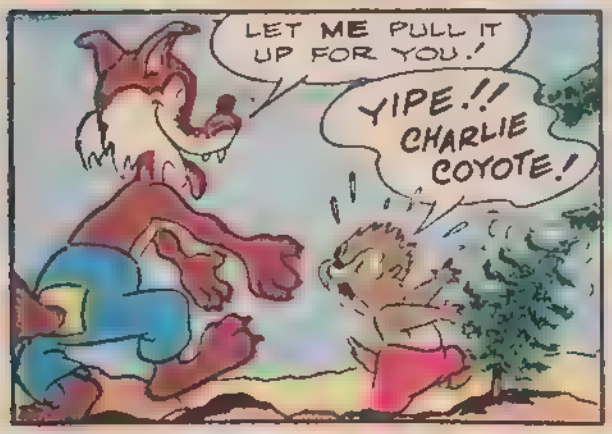


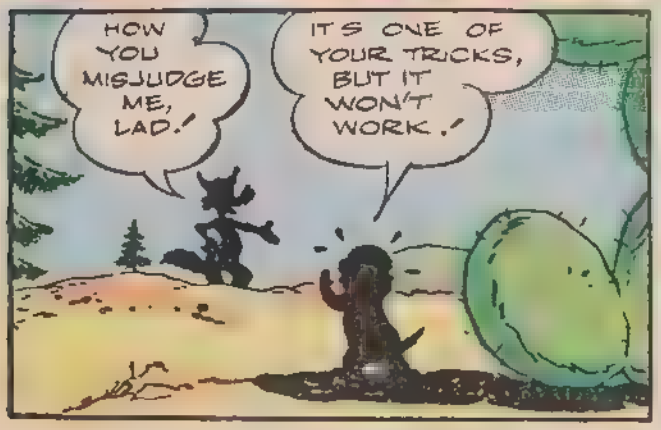
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

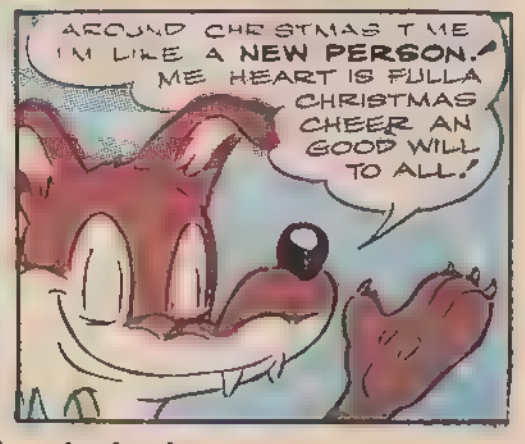




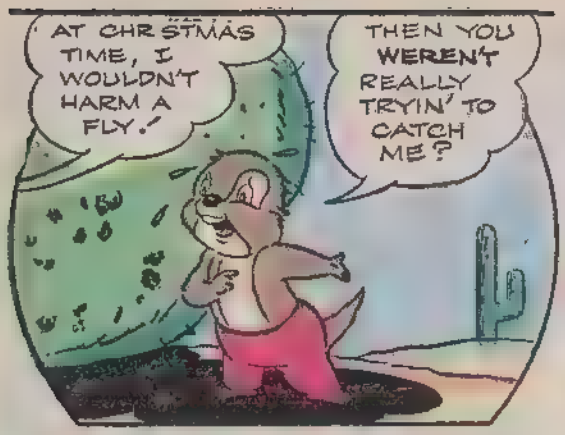


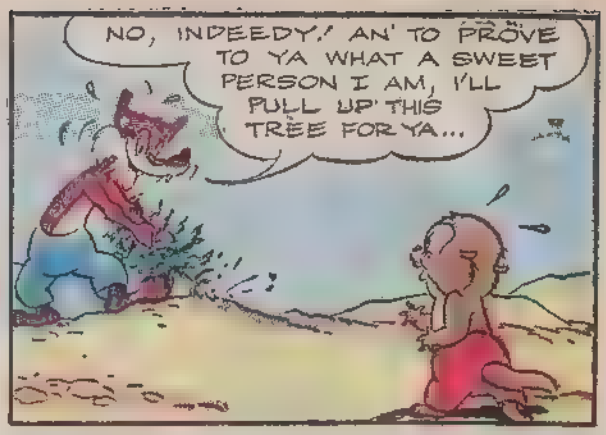


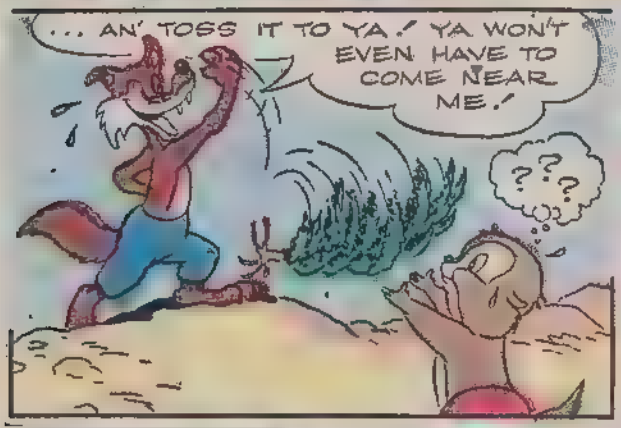


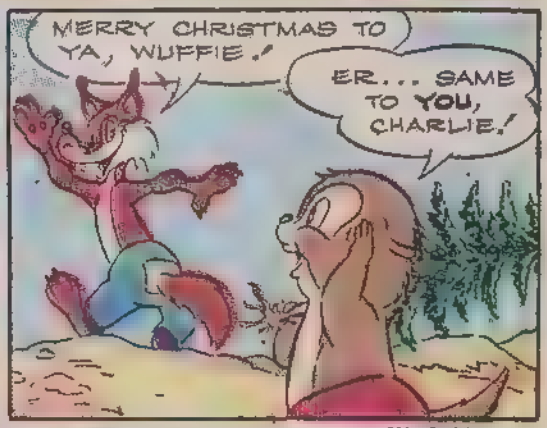


Order your Christmas gift now. See the back cover.

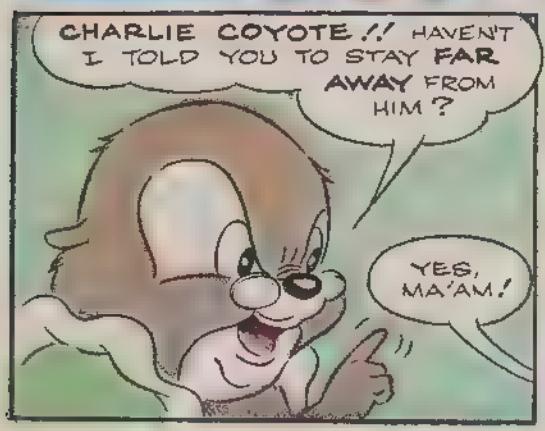

AT CHRISTMAS TIME, I WOULDN'T HARM A FLY.!
THEN YOU WEREN'T REALLY TRYIN' TO CATCH ME?

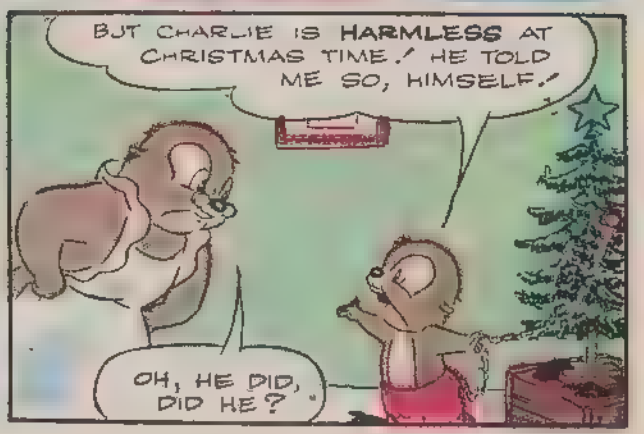

NO, INDEEDY.! AN' TO PROVE TO YA WHAT A SWEET PERSON I AM, I'LL PULL UP THIS TREE FOR YA...


... AN' TOSS IT TO YA.! YA WON'T EVEN HAVE TO COME NEAR ME.!
???

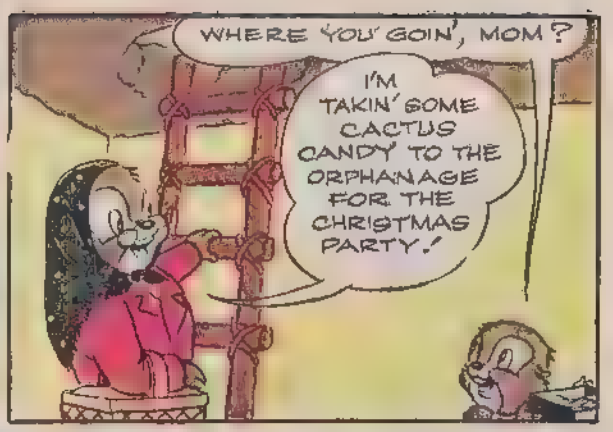

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YA, WUFFIE.!
ER... SAME TO YOU, CHARLIE.!

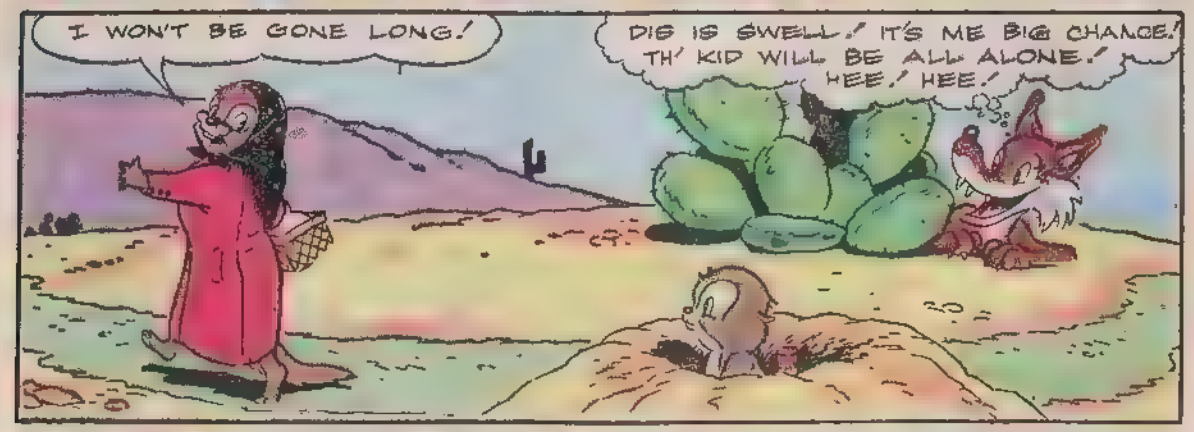
IT'S A LOVELY LITTLE TREE, WUFF! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
CHARLIE COYOTE PULLED IT UP FOR ME.!


CHARLIE COYOTE.!! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU TO STAY FAR AWAY FROM HIM?
YES, MA'AM.!

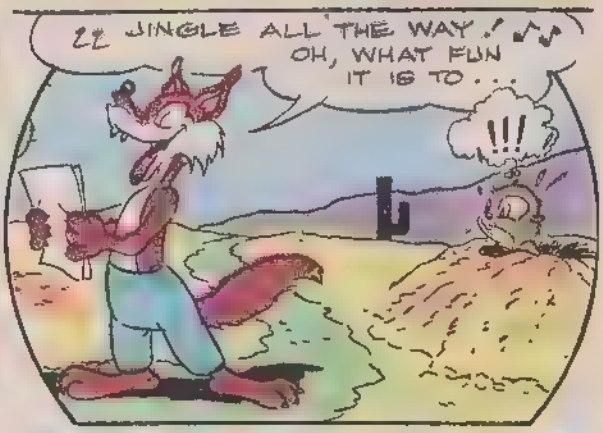

BUT CHARLIE IS HARMLESS AT CHRISTMAS TIME.! HE TOLD ME SO, HIMSELF.!
OH, HE DID, DID HE?

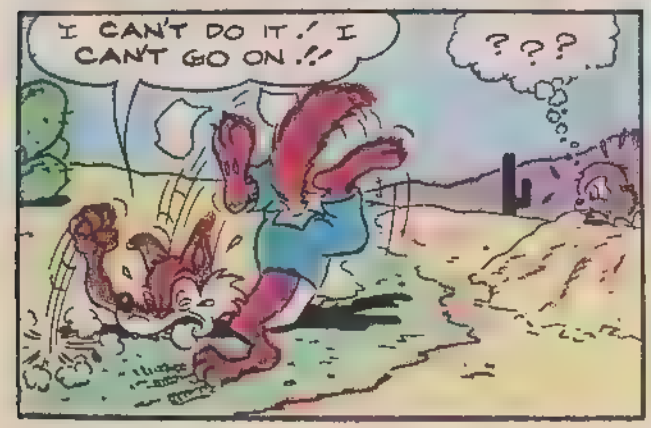
DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, WUFF! I WOULDN'T TRUST THAT COYOTE AROUND THE CORNER... CHRISTMAS OR NO CHRISTMAS!

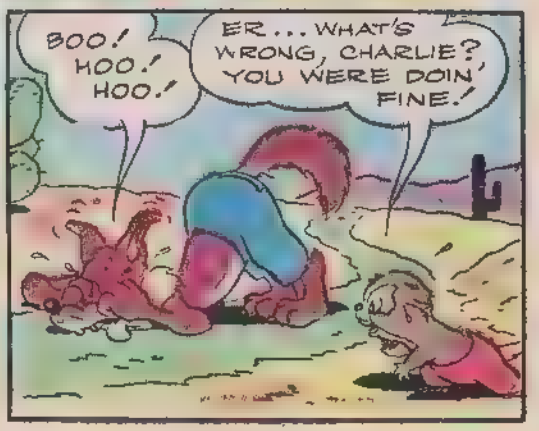

WHERE YOU GOIN', MOM?
I'M TAKIN' SOME CACTUS CANDY TO THE ORPHANAGE FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY!

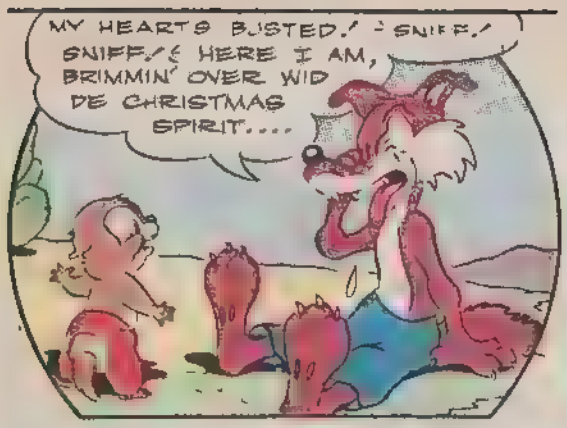

I WON'T BE GONE LONG!
DIS IS SWELL! IT'S ME BIG CHANCE! TH' KID WILL BE ALL ALONE! HEE! HEE!

♫ JINGLE BELLS! JINGLE BELLS!
SOMEBODY'S SINGIN' CHRISTMAS MUSIC!

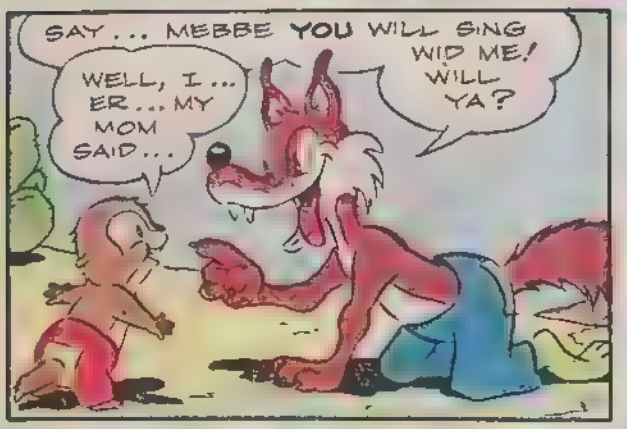

♫ JINGLE ALL THE WAY! OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO...
!!!

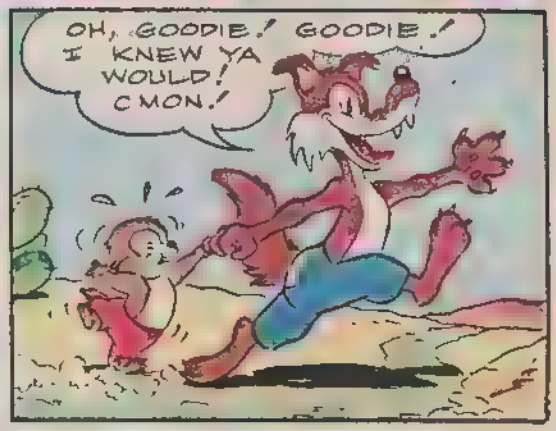

I CAN'T DO IT! I CAN'T GO ON!!
???


BOO! HOO! HOO!
ER... WHAT'S WRONG, CHARLIE? YOU WERE DOIN' FINE!

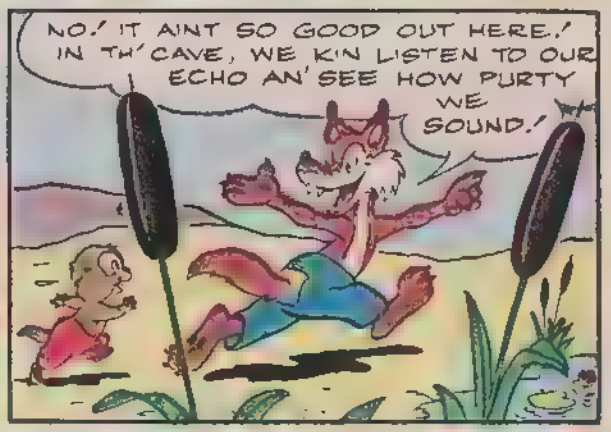

MY HEART'S BUSTED! SNIFF! SNIFF! HERE I AM, BRIMMIN' OVER WID DE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT....

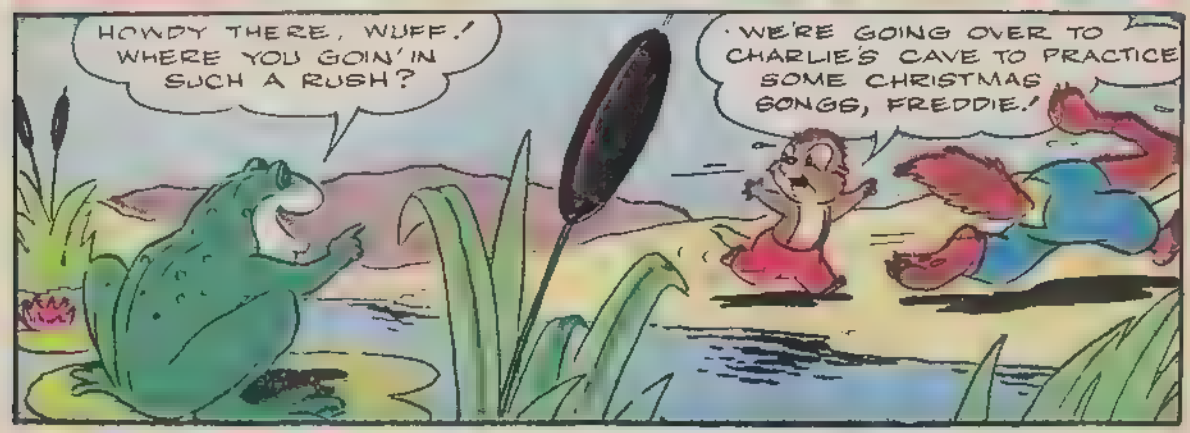
.. AN' I CAN'T GIT NOBODY TO SING CHRISTMAS SONGS WID ME! BOO HOO HOO!

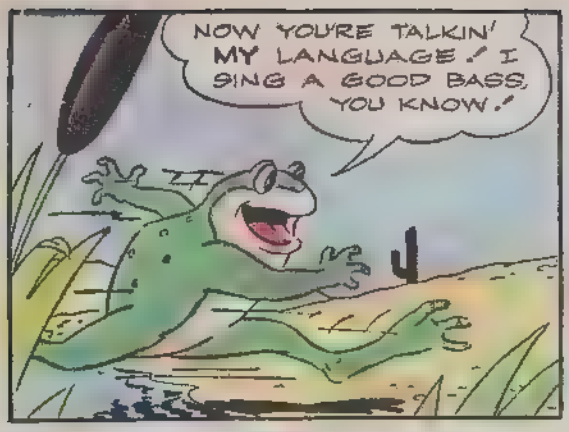

SAY... MEBBE YOU WILL SING WID ME! WILL YA?
WELL, I... ER... MY MOM SAID...

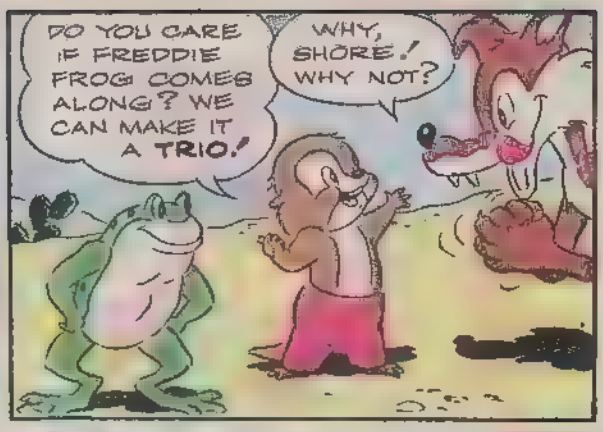

OH, GOODIE! GOODIE! I KNEW YA WOULD! C'MON!

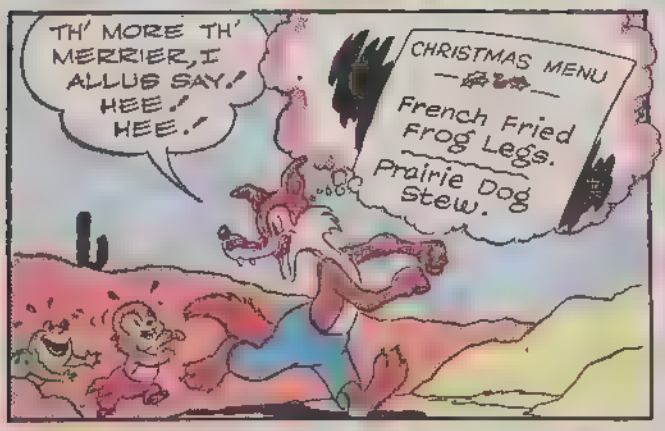
WE'LL GO OVER TO MY CAVE AN' PRACTICE F RST!
CAN'T WE PRACTICE HERE ON THE PRAIRIE?

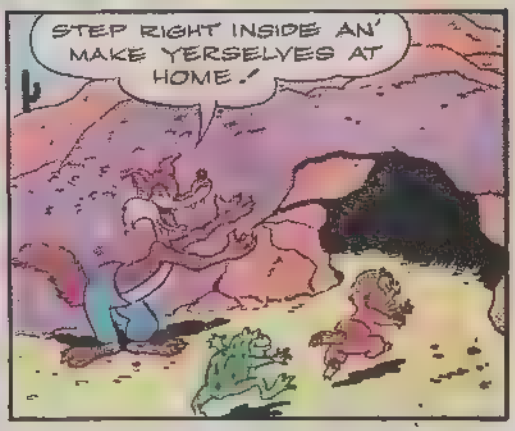

NO! IT AINT SO GOOD OUT HERE! IN TH' CAVE, WE KIN LISTEN TO OUR ECHO AN' SEE HOW PURTY WE SOUND!

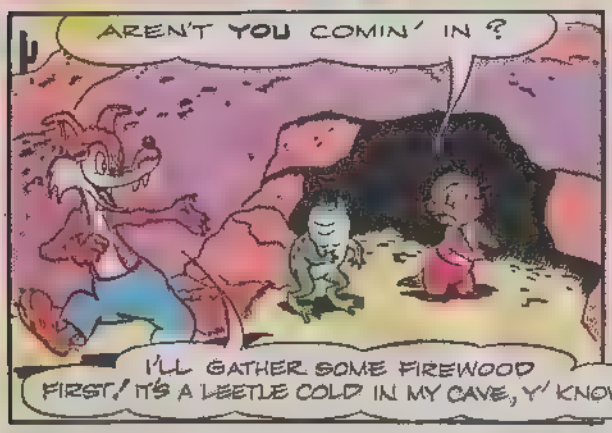

HOWDY THERE, WUFF! WHERE YOU GOIN' IN SUCH A RUSH?
WE'RE GOING OVER TO CHARLIE'S CAVE TO PRACTICE SOME CHRISTMAS SONGS, FREDDIE!


NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' MY LANGUAGE! I SING A GOOD BASS, YOU KNOW!


DO YOU CARE IF FREDDIE FROG COMES ALONG? WE CAN MAKE IT A TRIO!
WHY, SHORE! WHY NOT?

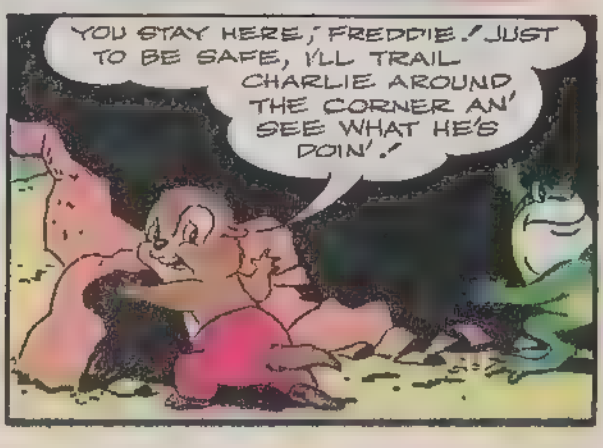

TH' MORE TH' MERRIER, I ALLUS SAY! HEE! HEE!
CHRISTMAS MENU
French Fried Frog Legs.
Prairie Dog Stew.

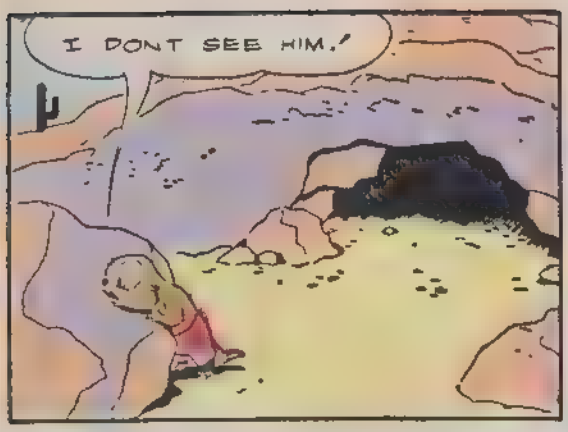

STEP RIGHT INSIDE AN' MAKE YERSELVES AT HOME!

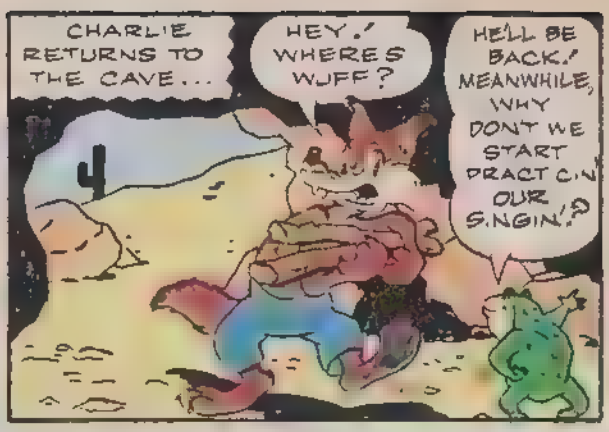

AREN'T YOU COMIN' IN?
I'LL GATHER SOME FIREWOOD FIRST! IT'S A LEETLE COLD IN MY CAVE, Y' KNOW!

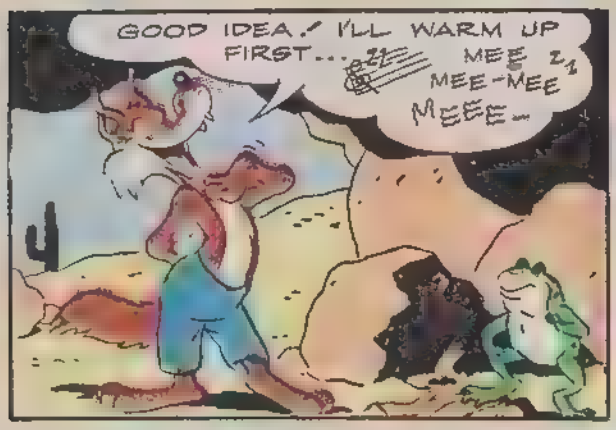
I'LL ONLY BE GONE A MINUTE! I'M JEST GONNA STEP AROUND THE CORNER!

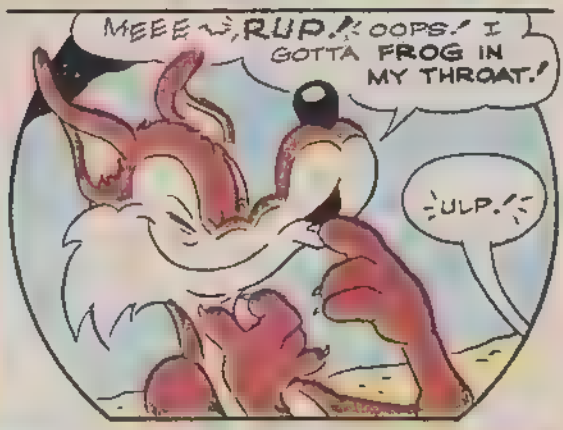
UH OH! THAT REMINDS ME! MOM SAID NEVER TRUST A COYOTE AROUND THE CORNER..
.. EVEN AT CHRISTMAS TIME!

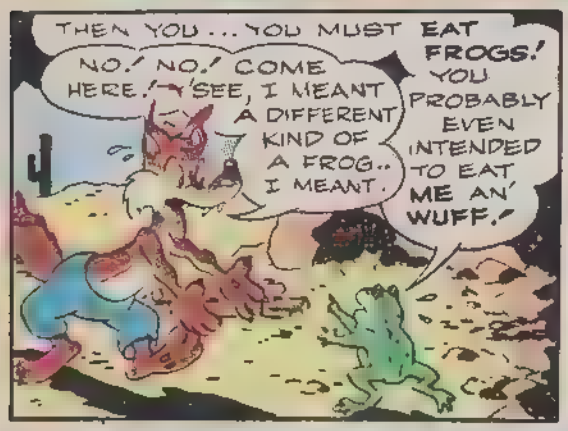

YOU STAY HERE, FREDDIE! JUST TO BE SAFE, I'LL TRAIL CHARLIE AROUND THE CORNER AN' SEE WHAT HE'S DOIN'!

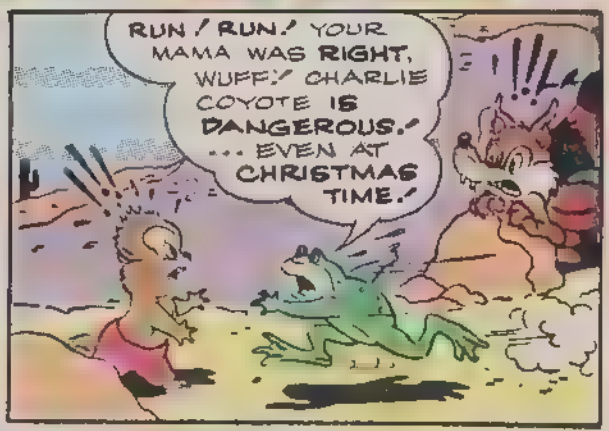


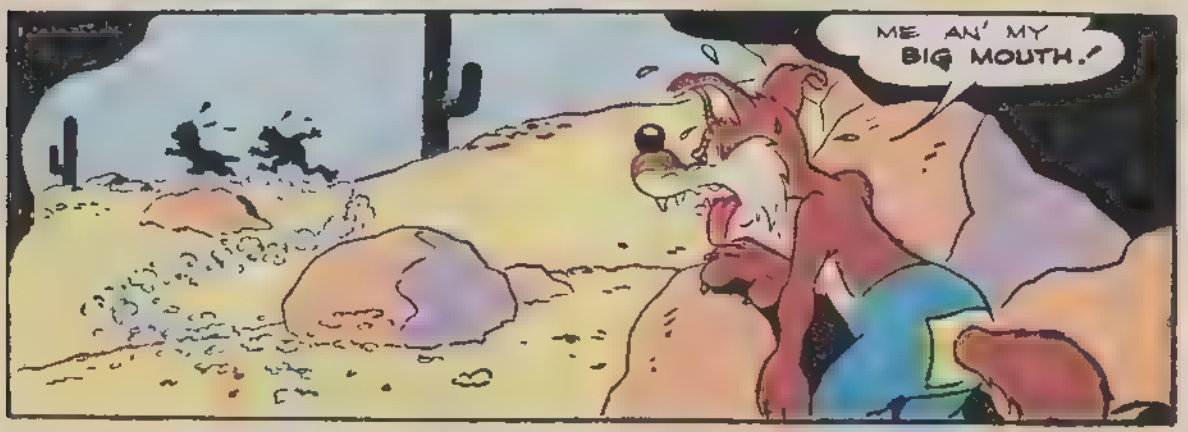












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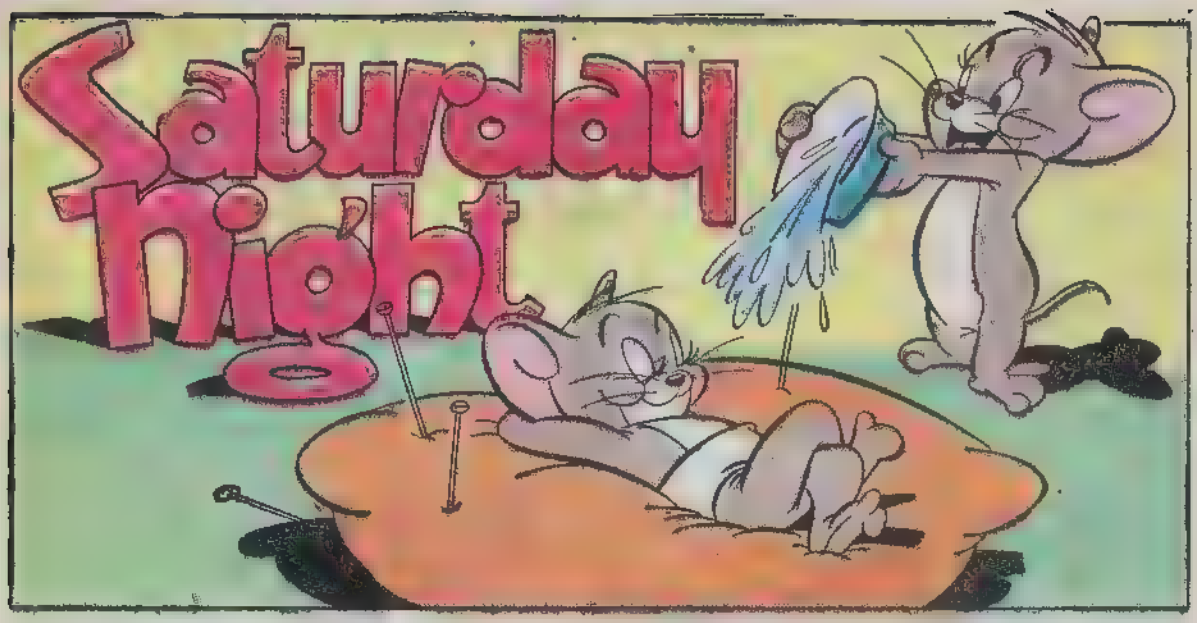


"Well, let's go, Tuffy," said Jerry. "Let's get it over with."

There was no answer at all from Tuffy, who was lying, as usual, on the little pincushion bed. He just rolled over and buried his face in the bed and went on snoring.

Suddenly Jerry shouted again, "Hey, Tuffy! Wake up!"

There was no doubt that Tuffy heard this time. The snoring stopped abruptly and after a moment, a muffled, "Sheddup," was heard. Another moment passed and the snoring started again.

"Well," said Jerry, as he started toward the little mousehole door. "I guess a dash of cold water in the face is the only thing that will wake him up."

This, as Jerry had planned, had an immediate effect on the sleeping mouse. The snoring stopped with a loud snort. There was a moment of silence and Tuffy sat up.

"Was somebody calling me?" he squeaked innocently.

Jerry walked over to Tuffy and looked him steadily in the eye.

"Look, pal," he said. "Do you think you can take some bad news?"

"Well, I'm lying down," answered Tuffy. "If I faint, I guess there's no danger of getting hurt."

"Brace yourself then, pal. Here it comes," began Jerry. Then he paused.

"Fer gosh sakes, what is it?" screamed Tuffy. "Don't keep me in suspense! Is the house on fire? Are we—"

"No, no, pal. It's worse than that! This is SATURDAY NIGHT!" said Jerry. He seemed to be making an effort to remain calm.

"SATURDAY NIGHT? What about Saturday night?" screamed Tuffy.

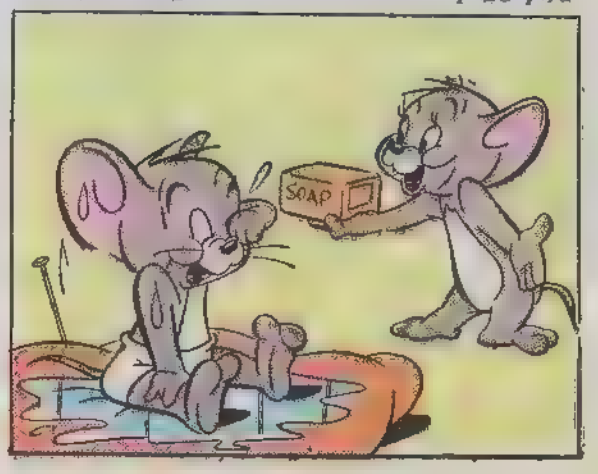
"This is BATH night!" said Jerry evenly.

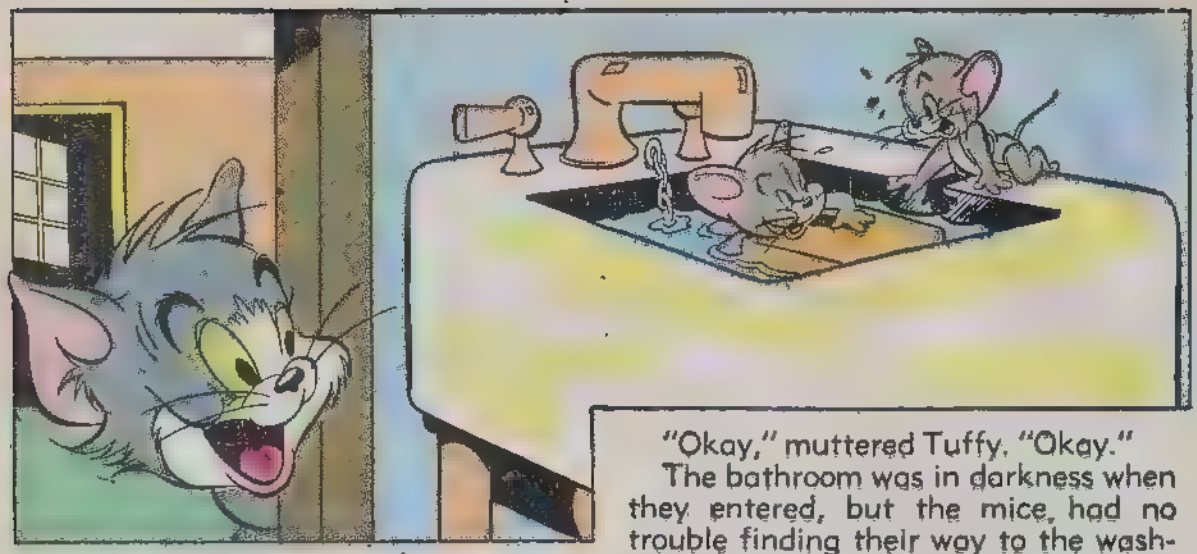
Tuffy fell back on the pincushion with a loud groan.

"Bath night," he repeated. "No! No! Not that!"

"Yes, yes," insisted Jerry. "You got out of taking a bath last Saturday night, but you're going to take one tonight. Soap and everything."

"Oh, Jerry," whined Tuffy. "When did you begin to hate me? Why do you





persecute me this way?"

"Listen, pal," said Jerry, "don't forget I've got to take a bath, too. I'm in the same boat as you."

"Trouble is we won't be in a boat," groaned Tuffy. "We'll be in the water. Water and soap—ugh!"

"C'mon, look how dirty you are," argued Jerry. "Another few days and you'll begin to look like a lump of coal with a tail."

"Well, if you feel that way, why don't you go wash the coal," said Tuffy triumphantly. "There's plenty of it down the cellar."

"Never mind that," said Jerry. "Get off that pincushion and follow me."

Tuffy slid off the pincushion and dejectedly followed Jerry, out of their little mousehole apartment.

Like everyone else, the little mice were in the habit of taking their baths on Saturday night. But of course they had to wait till late at night after everyone in the house had finished and the bathroom was empty. Now the only danger was in being seen or heard by Tom, the old house cat. But the unhappy little mice weren't thinking about Tom or anything else except the hateful bath that lay before them.

"Listen, Jerry," begged Tuffy in a last-minute effort to escape, "I feel fine when I'm—er—dirty. I feel natural-like."

"It's no use," said Jerry grimly. "You and I are going to take a bath."

"Okay," muttered Tuffy. "Okay."

The bathroom was in darkness when they entered, but the mice, had no trouble finding their way to the washbowl. Though Tuffy always was the more athletic of the two, and never had any difficulty climbing almost impossible places, he seemed to be having some difficulty now.

"What's the matter," called Jerry, who was halfway up the leg that supported the washbowl.

"I don't seem to be able to climb," answered Tuffy. "I guess I can't take that bath after all."

"Hey! Look out!" screamed Jerry. "There's Tom right behind you!"

Without even using his hands, Tuffy ran up the leg, whizzed by Jerry, and landed on the top of the washbowl.

He peered over the edge and hollered, "Where is he?" Then he realized that he had been tricked. Tom was nowhere in sight.

"That was a dirty trick!" screamed Tuffy. "I'll never trust you again."

"Better a dirty trick than a dirty mouse," said Jerry sagely.

Jerry walked around to where the plug to the drain was lying and carefully lowered it by the chain to which it was attached.

"Okay, Tuff, you'll have to help me turn on the water," said Jerry, as he grasped one arm of the faucet.

After a great deal of grunting and groaning, they succeeded in getting a small trickle of water from the faucet.

"That's enough, Tuff," said Jerry. "In a little while there'll be enough water for our bath."

They waited in the darkness and listened to the trickle of water into the basin.

"I can't see anything," said Jerry, looking down into the basin. "But I guess there's enough water in there now."

He stepped back from the edge a couple of inches, ran forward, and leaped out into space in a graceful swan dive.

"Last one in is a—"

Then, instead of a splash, there was a dull thud.

"Jerry! Jerry! What happened?" screamed Tuffy, leaning over the edge and trying to see down into the basin.

"No water," said a weak little voice below. "The plug didn't go in the drain."

"Are you hurt, pal?" shouted Tuffy.

"I—I don't know," answered the weak little voice.

"Wait, I'll come down and get you, pal," said Tuffy, as he started to climb down the plug chain.

"I can't move, Tuffy. I must be hurt bad," cried Jerry, when Tuffy tried to help him to his feet. "And you can't carry me up that chain all by yourself."

"What'll we do?" cried Tuffy.

"I know," said Jerry. "Put the plug in the drain and let the basin fill up. Then I'll float to the top!"

"But you'll be drowned!" exclaimed Tuffy.

"No, not if you shove a cake of soap in the water. I can lie on it until we get to the top," answered Jerry.

Tuffy quickly put the plug in the drain and shoved the bar of soap into the basin. After what seemed ages, the basin filled up and the cake of soap, with Jerry lying on it, was on a level with the top of the sink.

Jerry rolled off and slowly got to his feet.

"How do you feel now, pal?" inquired Tuffy.

"A little shaky, but not so bad," answered Jerry. "I don't think I broke any bones."

Tuffy helped Jerry down off the sink and they made their way slowly toward the mousehole. As they came to the end of the hall, a huge dark shape suddenly loomed up before them. It was Tom!

"Ha! I got you now!" he snarled, as he pounced on the frightened mice.

"I can't run!" gasped Jerry.

"I won't leave you, pal," squeaked Tuffy, as the cat's big paws clamped down on them.

"Yessir, I really got you now," gloated Tom. "After all these years."

He threw back his head and opened his mouth wide. Holding Tuffy by the tail, he let him down slowly into the great dark cavern. Suddenly he pulled Tuffy out again and dropped him on the floor. At the same time he released Jerry.

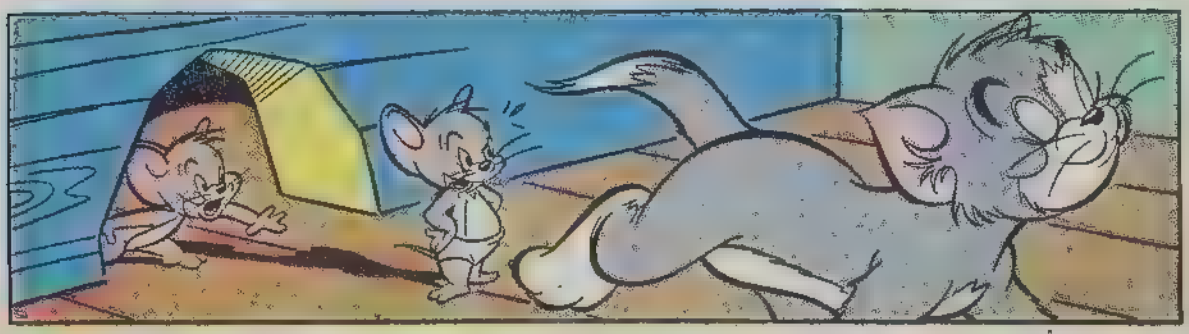
"Bah!" said the cat disgustedly. "DIRTY MICE! I wouldn't eat dirty mice if I were STARVING!"

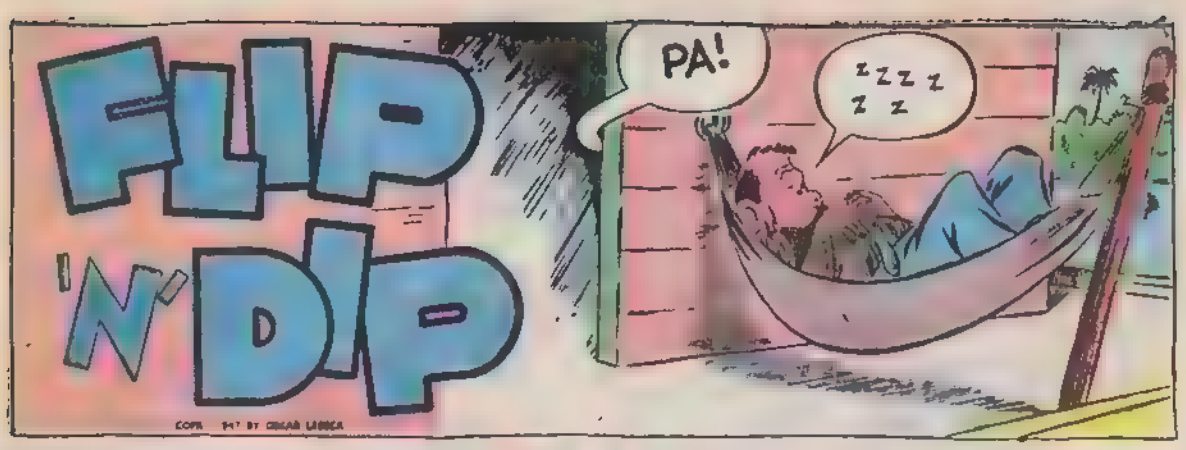
With that, he turned around and walked off. Back in their little apartment, Jerry began to feel much better. It seemed that he was not badly hurt after all.

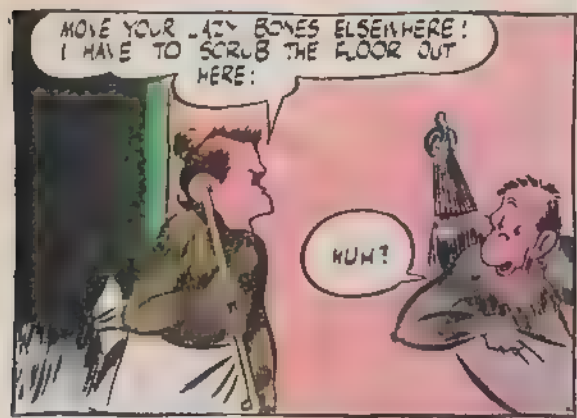
"Well," said Tuffy, "I guess you'll agree with me now that it pays to be dirty."

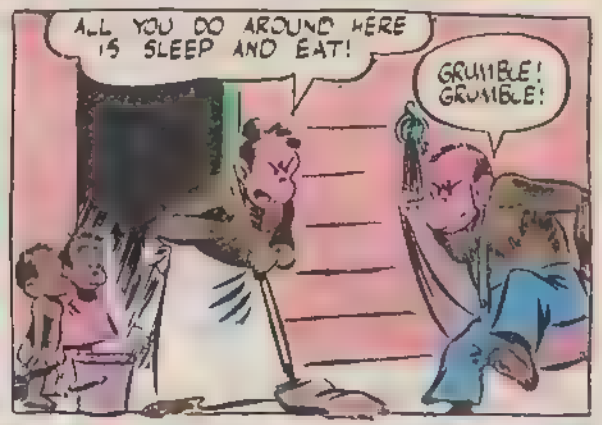
"Yes," said Jerry, "SOMETIMES. But we're taking a bath tomorrow all the same."

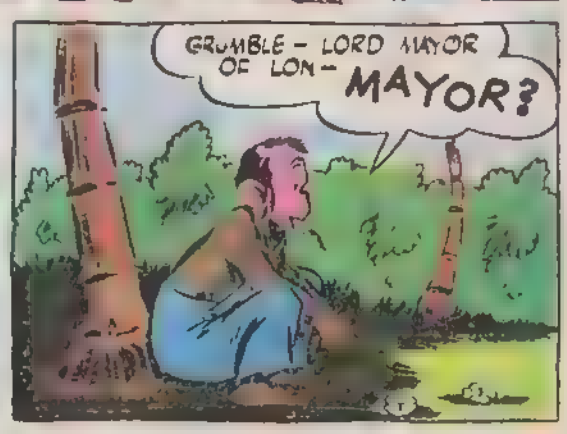
"AW!" said Tuffy.

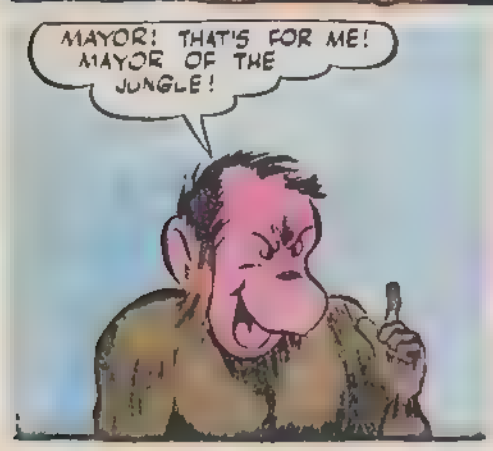




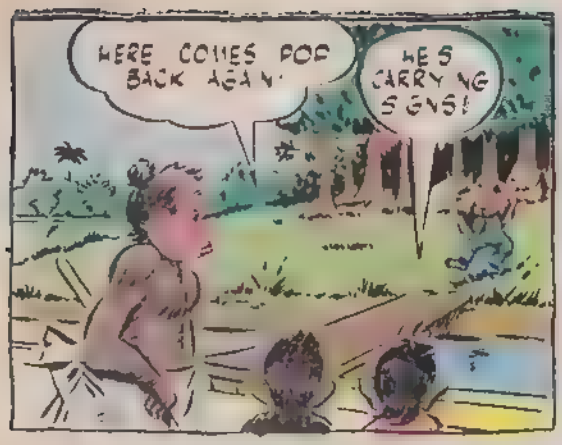


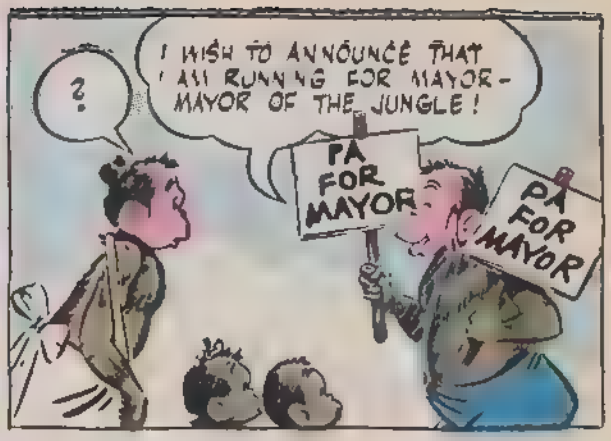


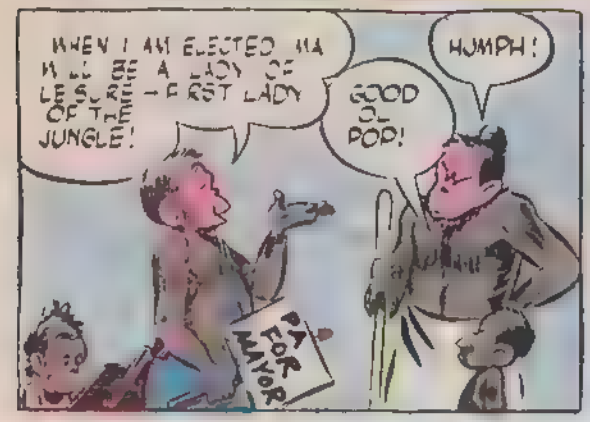


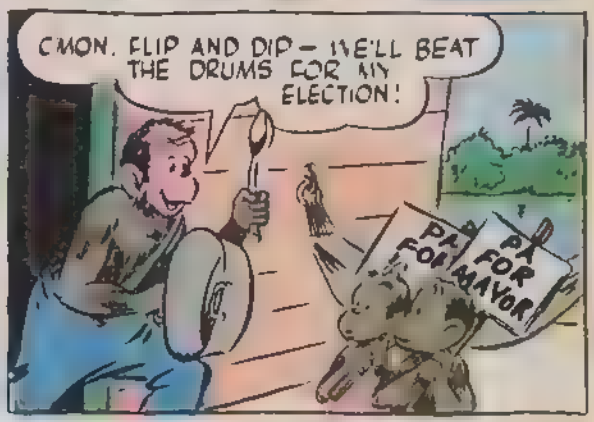


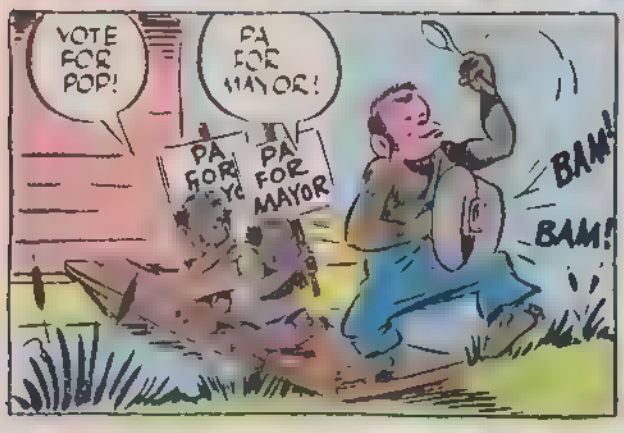
See the grand Christmas Gift Offer on back cover.


HERE COMES POP BACK AGAIN!
HE'S CARRYING SIGNS!

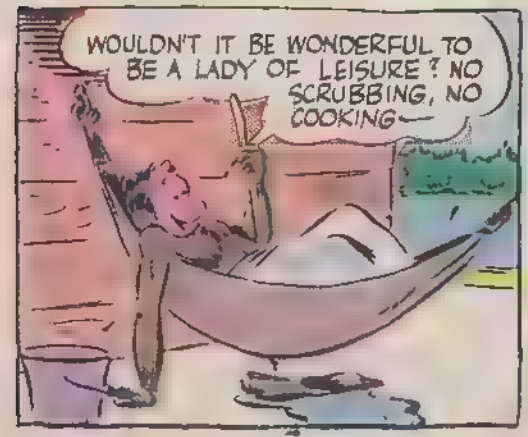

?
I WISH TO ANNOUNCE THAT I AM RUNNING FOR MAYOR - MAYOR OF THE JUNGLE!
PA FOR MAYOR
PA FOR MAYOR

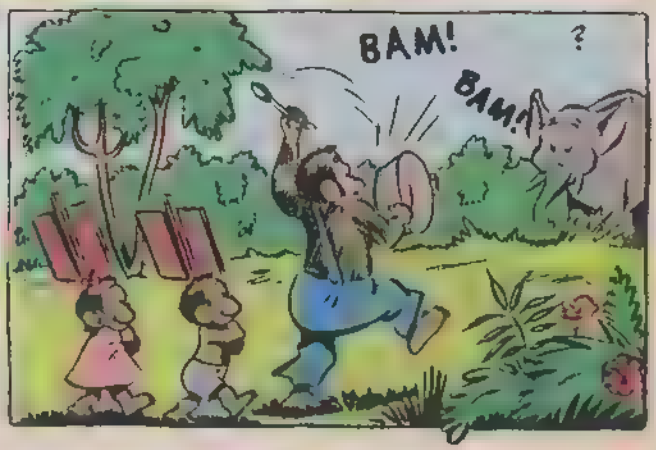

WHEN I AM ELECTED MA WILL BE A LADY OF LEISURE - FIRST LADY OF THE JUNGLE!
GOOD OL POP!
HUMPH!
PA FOR MAYOR

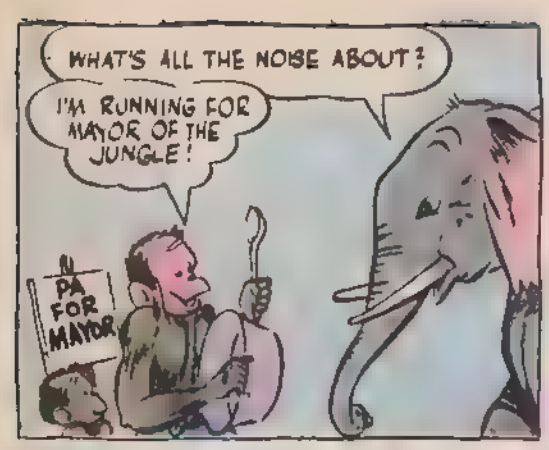

C'MON, FLIP AND DIP - WE'LL BEAT THE DRUMS FOR MY ELECTION!
PA FOR MAYOR
PA FOR MAYOR

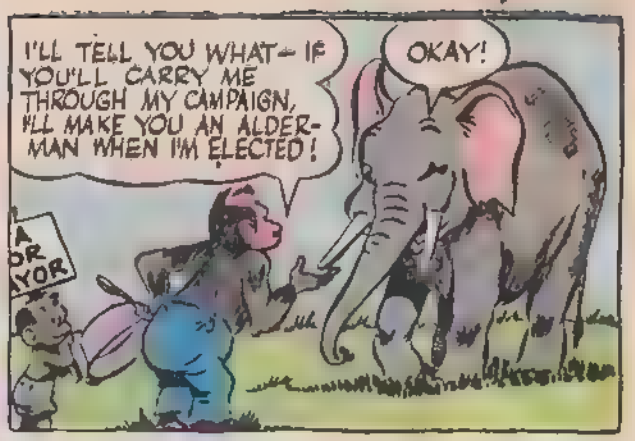

VOTE FOR POP!
PA FOR MAYOR!
PA FOR MAYOR
PA FOR MAYOR
BAM!
BAM!

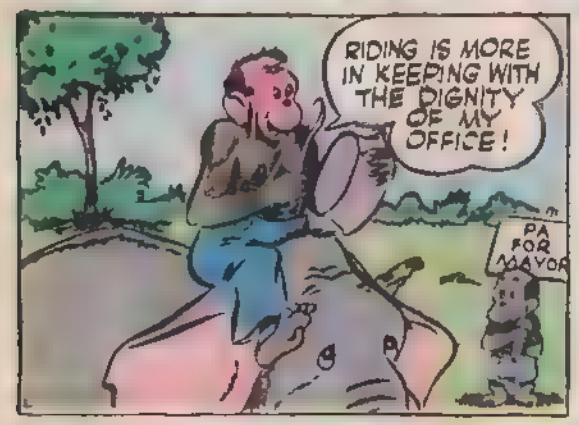
WELL AT LEAST IT WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF MY WAY FOR AWHILE!
HMMM! HE MIGHT GET HIMSELF ELECTED AT THAT!

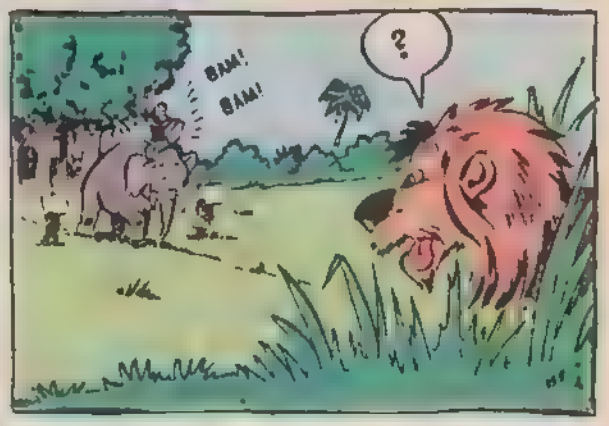

WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL TO BE A LADY OF LEISURE? NO SCRUBBING, NO COOKING—

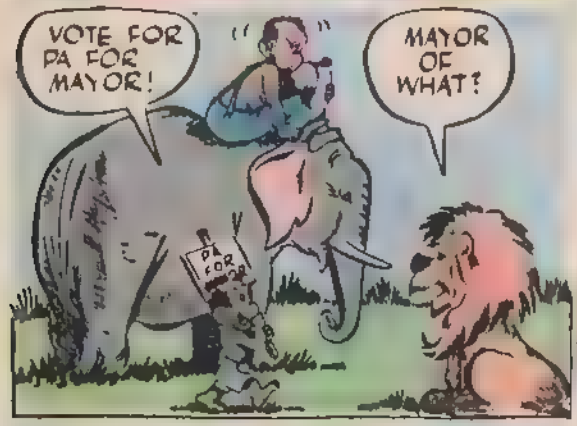

BAM!
?
BAM!

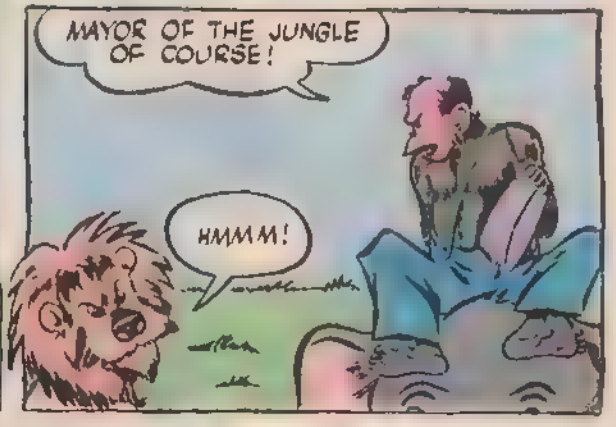

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?
I'M RUNNING FOR MAYOR OF THE JUNGLE!
PA FOR MAYOR


I'LL TELL YOU WHAT — IF YOU'LL CARRY ME THROUGH MY CAMPAIGN, I'LL MAKE YOU AN ALDERMAN WHEN I'M ELECTED!
OKAY!

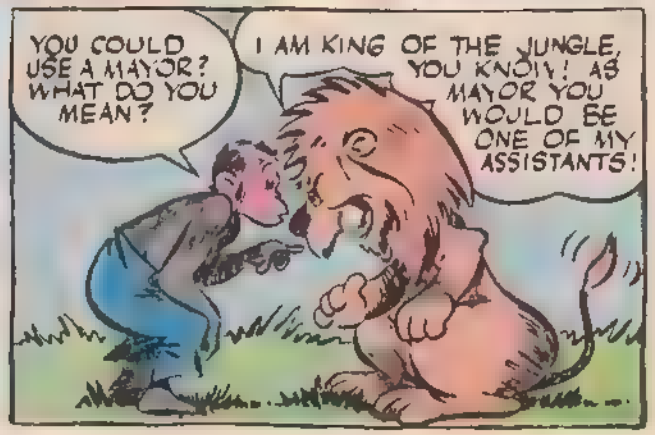

RIDING IS MORE IN KEEPING WITH THE DIGNITY OF MY OFFICE!
PA FOR MAYOR

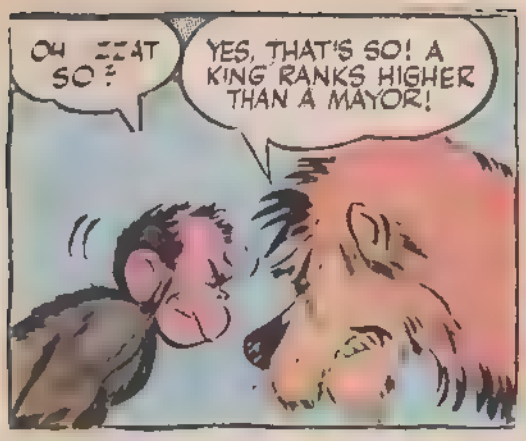

BAM!
BAM!
?

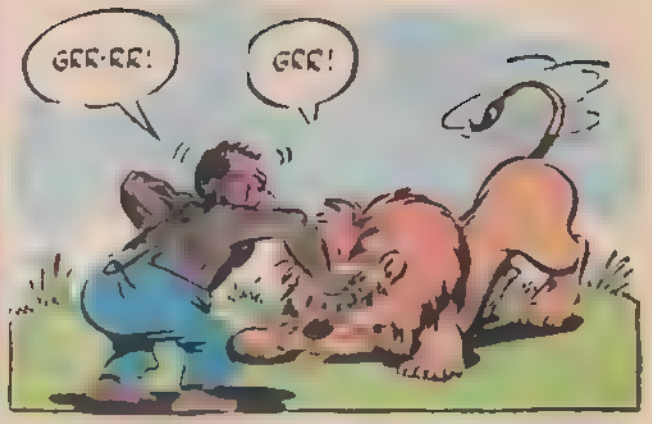

VOTE FOR PA FOR MAYOR!
MAYOR OF WHAT?

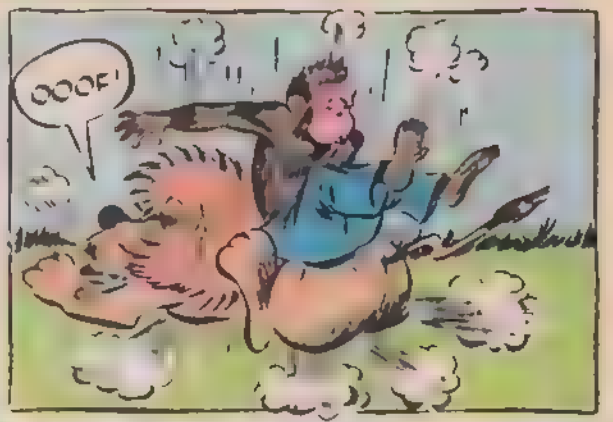

MAYOR OF THE JUNGLE OF COURSE!
HMMM!

W-E-ELL — MAYBE I COULD USE A MAYOR AT THAT!


YOU COULD USE A MAYOR? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I AM KING OF THE JUNGLE, YOU KNOW! AS MAYOR YOU WOULD BE ONE OF MY ASSISTANTS!

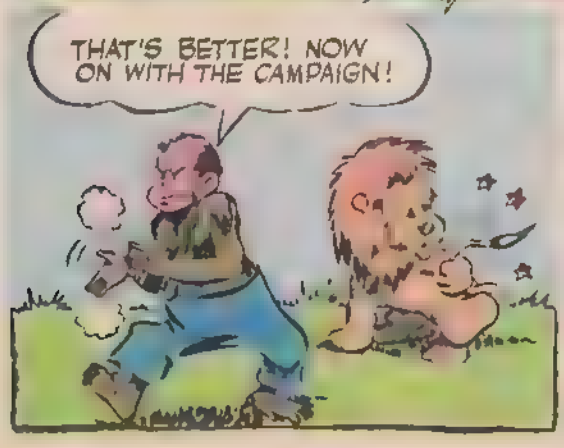

OH ZZZAT SO?
YES, THAT'S SO! A KING RANKS HIGHER THAN A MAYOR!

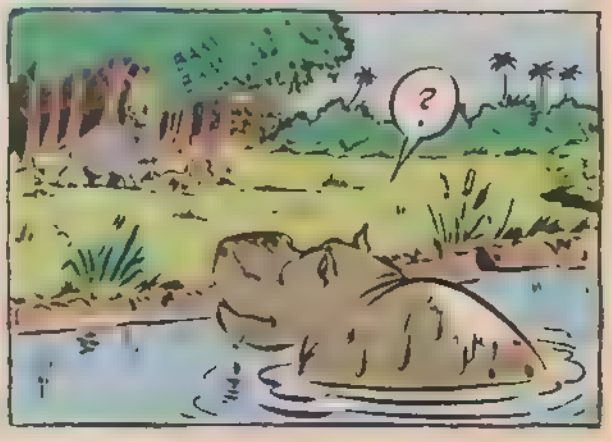

GRR-RR!
GRR!


OOOF!

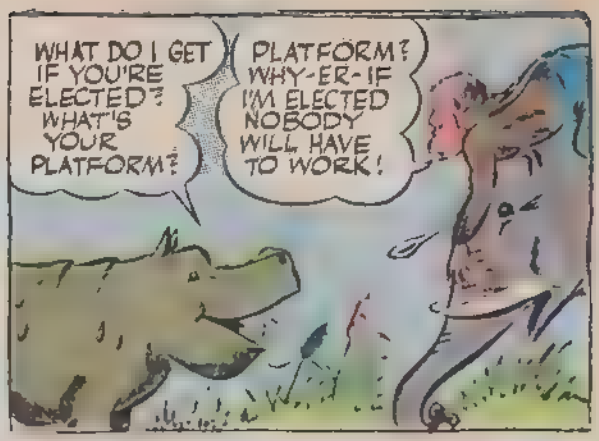
STOP TWISTING MY TAIL!

DOES A MAYOR OUTRANK A KING?
YES! OUCH! ANYTHING YOU SAY!

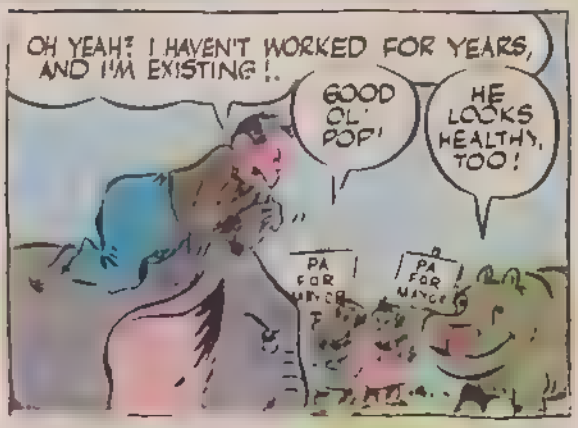

THAT'S BETTER! NOW ON WITH THE CAMPAIGN!

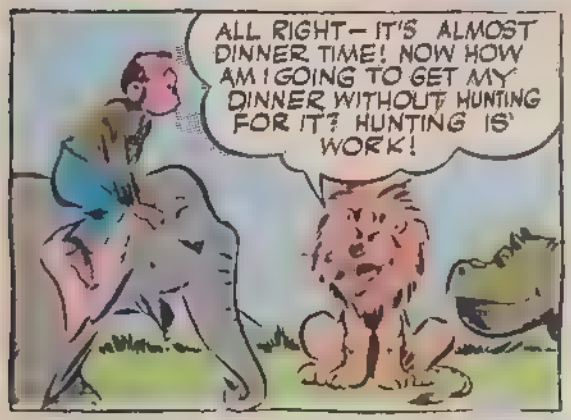

?

GREETINGS! I'M RUNNING FOR MAYOR OF THE JUNGLE! OF COURSE YOU'LL VOTE FOR ME, MY FRIEND!
WILL I?

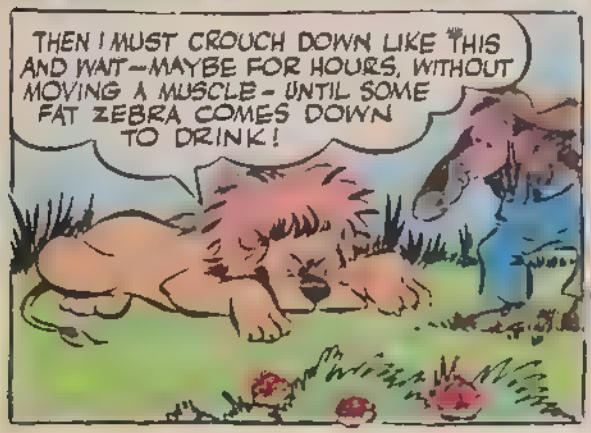

WHAT DO I GET IF YOU'RE ELECTED? WHAT'S YOUR PLATFORM?
PLATFORM? WHY-ER-IF I'M ELECTED NOBODY WILL HAVE TO WORK!

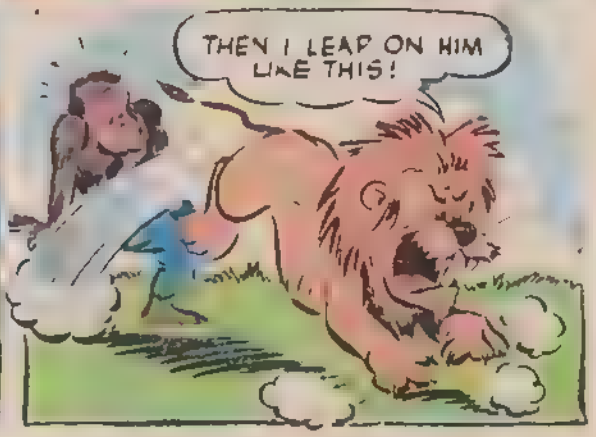
THAT'S IT! I'M RUNNING ON A NO WORK PLATFORM!
IMPOSSIBLE! EVERYBODY HAS TO WORK IN ORDER TO EXIST!

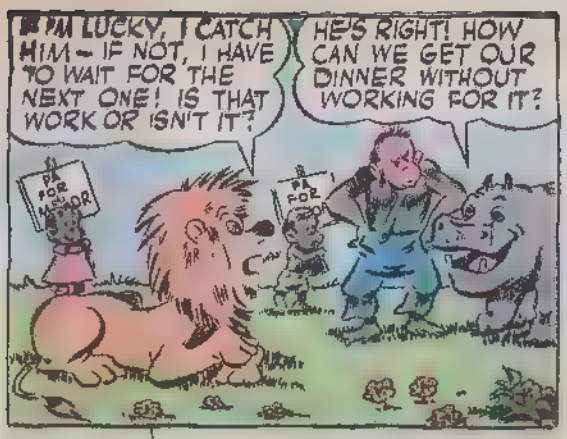

OH YEAH? I HAVEN'T WORKED FOR YEARS, AND I'M EXISTING!.
GOOD OL' POP!
HE LOOKS HEALTHY, TOO!

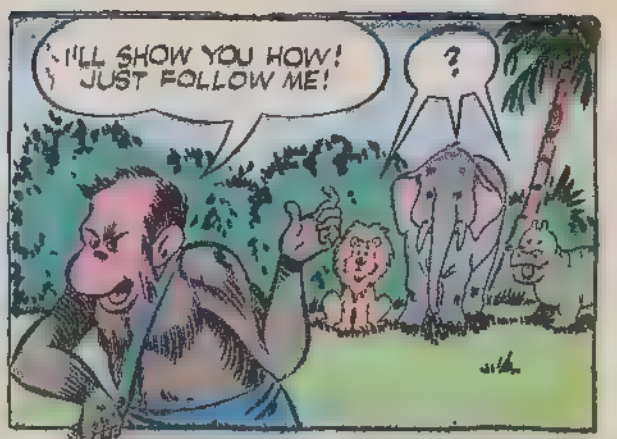

ALL RIGHT—IT'S ALMOST DINNER TIME! NOW HOW AM I GOING TO GET MY DINNER WITHOUT HUNTING FOR IT? HUNTING IS WORK!

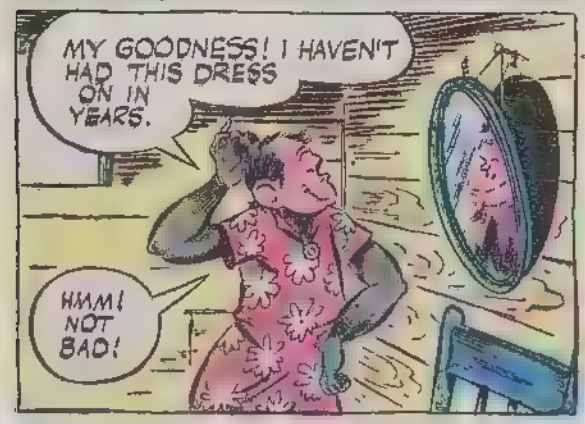
FIRST I MUST SEARCH FOR MILES UNTIL I FIND A WATERING PLACE!

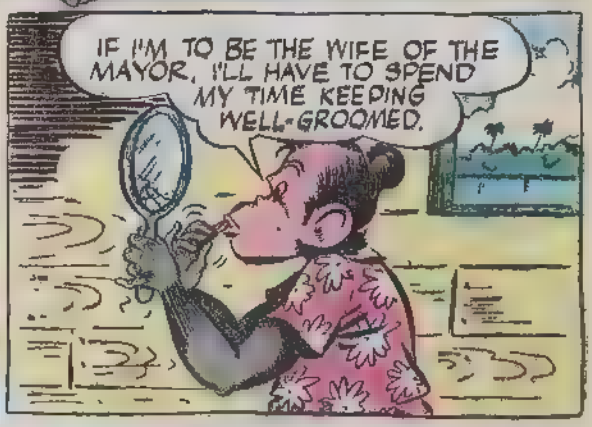

THEN I MUST CROUCH DOWN LIKE THIS AND WAIT—MAYBE FOR HOURS, WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE—UNTIL SOME FAT ZEBRA COMES DOWN TO DRINK!

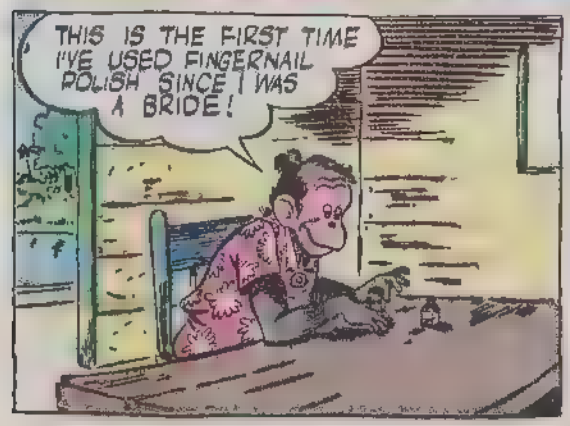

THEN I LEAP ON HIM LIKE THIS!

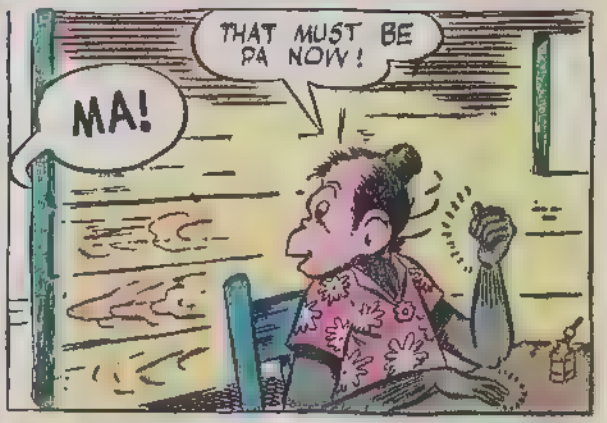

I'M LUCKY, I CATCH HIM – IF NOT, I HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE! IS THAT WORK OR ISN'T IT?
HE'S RIGHT! HOW CAN WE GET OUR DINNER WITHOUT WORKING FOR IT?
PA FOR MAYOR
PA FOR

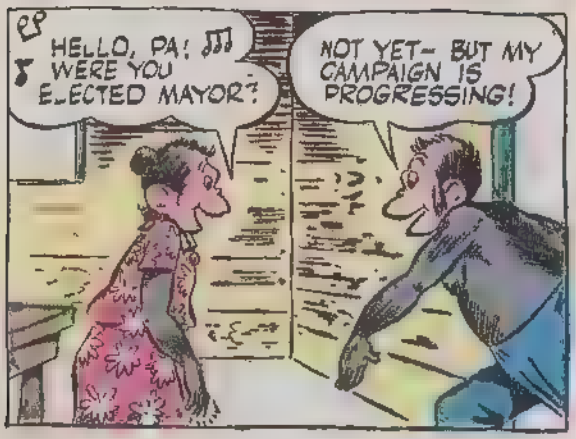

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW! JUST FOLLOW ME!
?

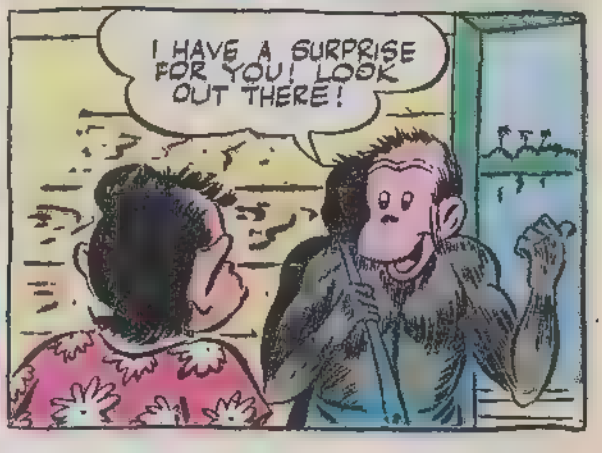

MY GOODNESS! I HAVEN'T HAD THIS DRESS ON IN YEARS.
HMM! NOT BAD!

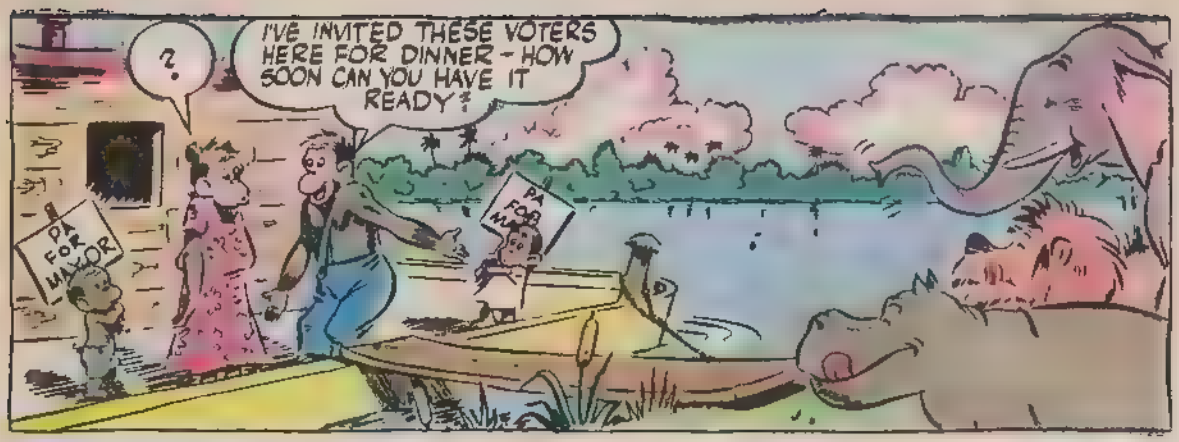

IF I'M TO BE THE WIFE OF THE MAYOR, I'LL HAVE TO SPEND MY TIME KEEPING WELL-GROOMED.

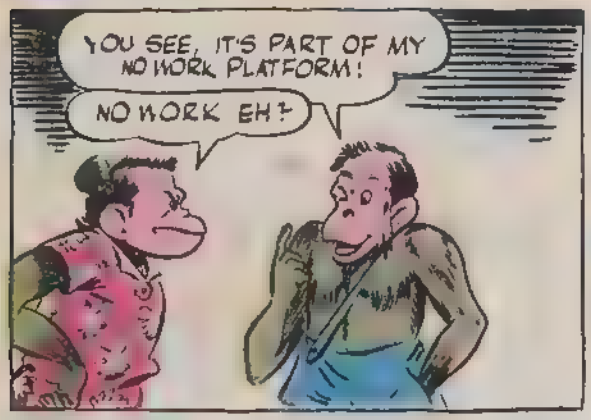

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE USED FINGERNAIL POLISH SINCE I WAS A BRIDE!

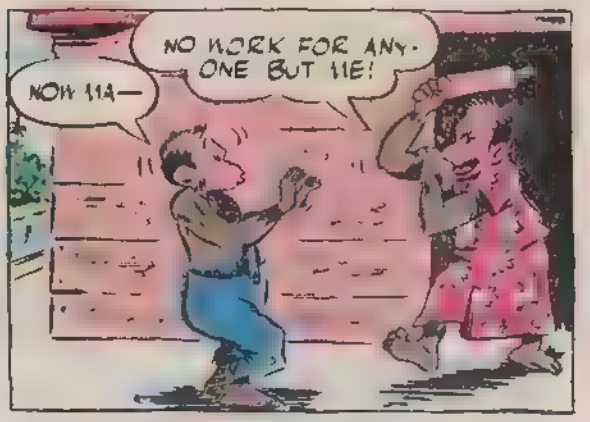

THAT MUST BE PA NOW!
MA!

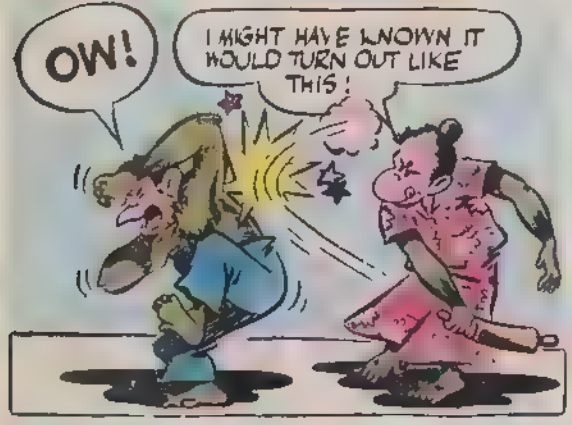

HELLO, PA! WERE YOU ELECTED MAYOR?
NOT YET– BUT MY CAMPAIGN IS PROGRESSING!

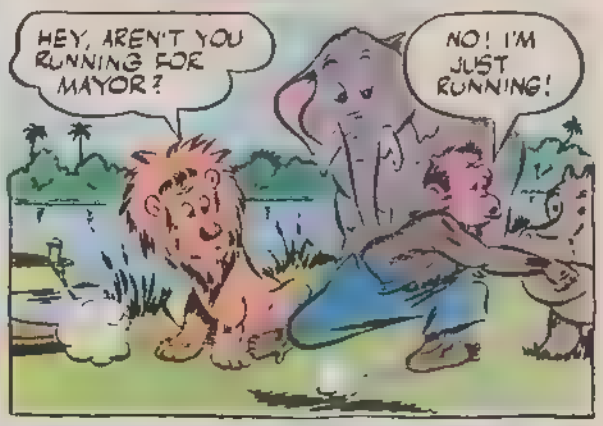

I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU! LOOK OUT THERE!

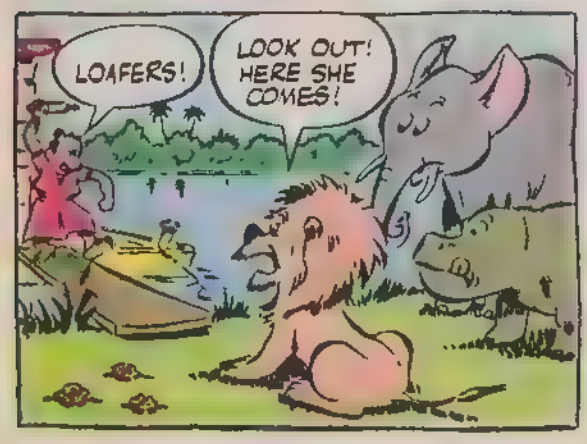

?
I'VE INVITED THESE VOTERS HERE FOR DINNER - HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE IT READY?
PA FOR MAYOR
PA FOR M

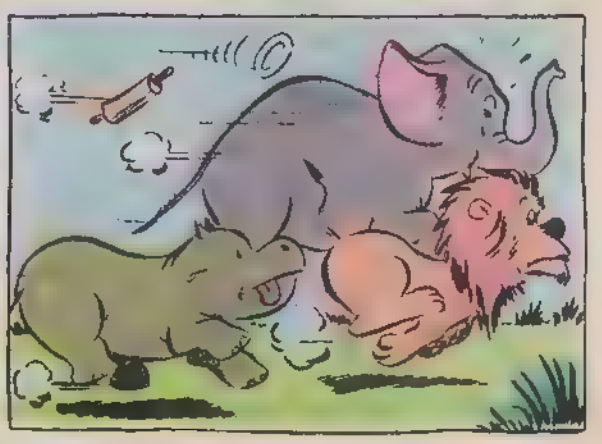

YOU SEE, IT'S PART OF MY NO WORK PLATFORM!
NO WORK EH?

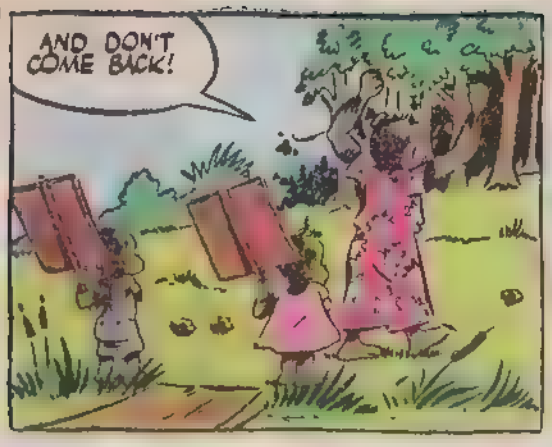

NO WORK FOR ANY-ONE BUT ME!
NOW LIA—

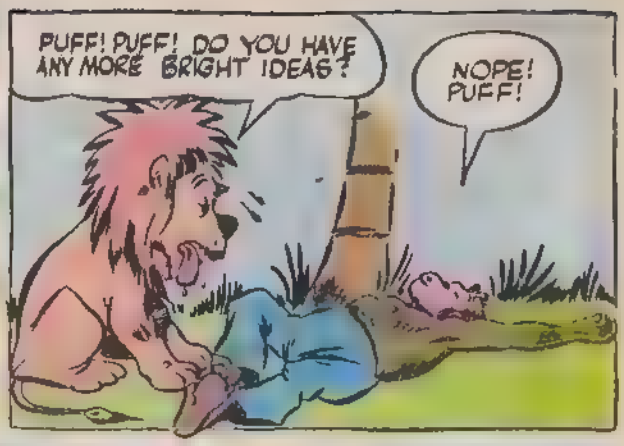

OW!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD TURN OUT LIKE THIS!

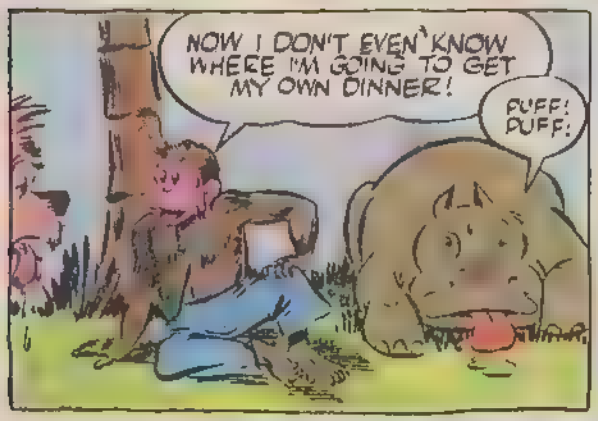

HEY, AREN'T YOU RUNNING FOR MAYOR?
NO! I'M JUST RUNNING!

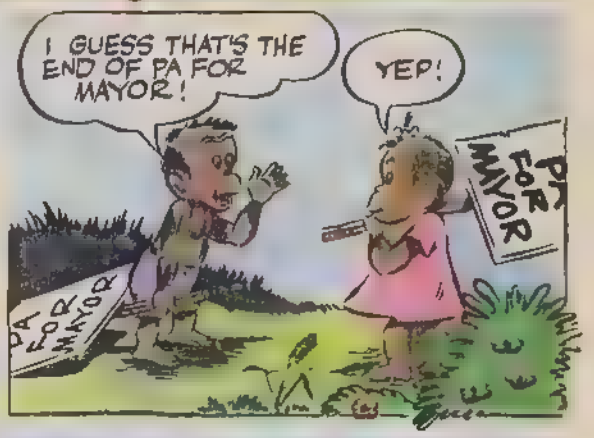

LOAFERS!
LOOK OUT! HERE SHE COMES!

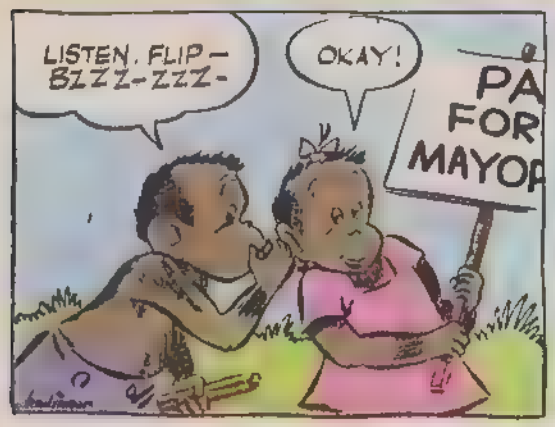












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 of Our Gang With Tom & Jerry published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947, State of New York, County of New York, ss

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of Our Gang With Tom & Jerry and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly, or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption), required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., Editor, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

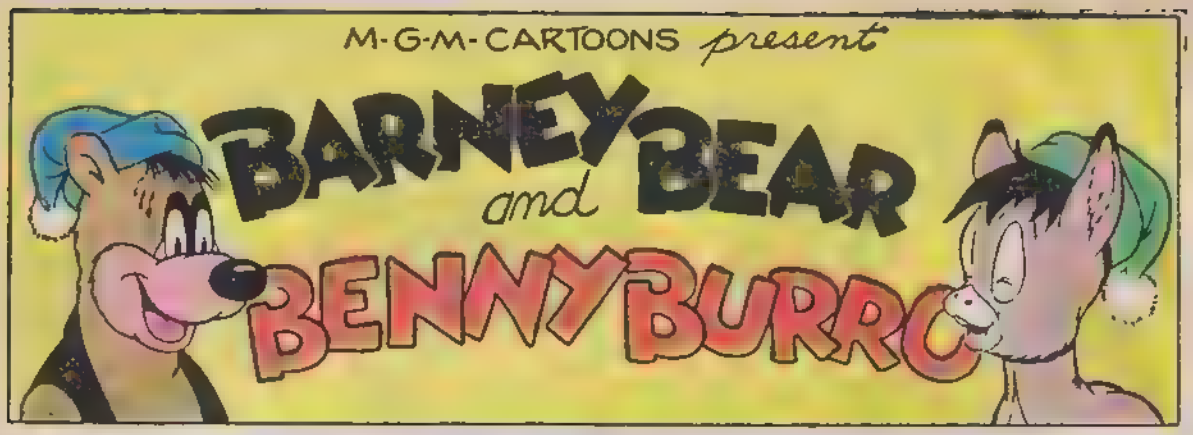
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

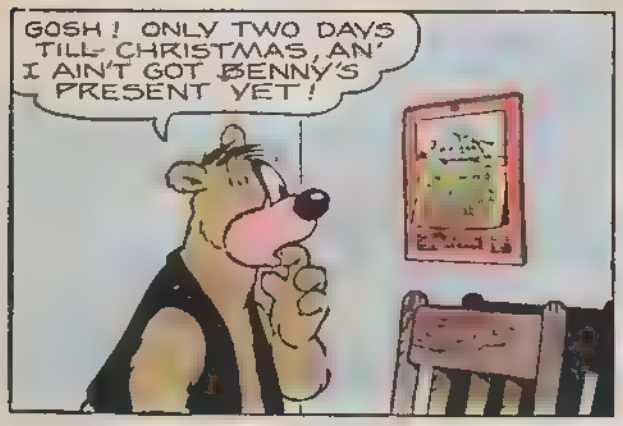
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

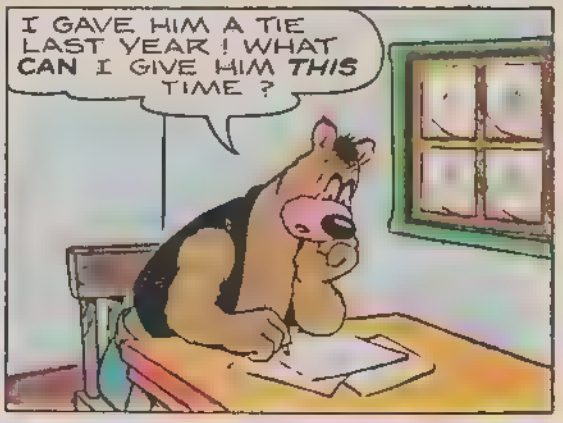
(*Signed*) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

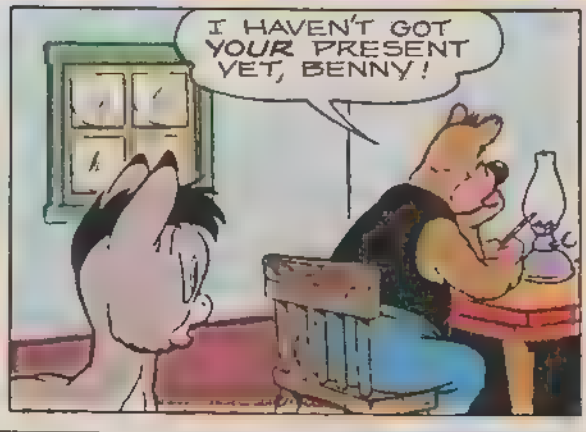
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1947

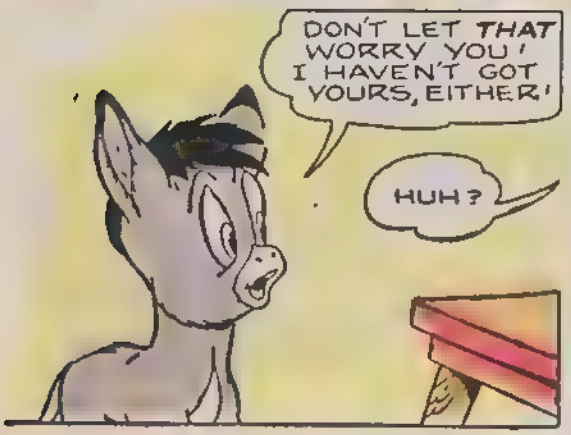
JEANNETTE SMITH (GREEN)
(SEAL) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1948)

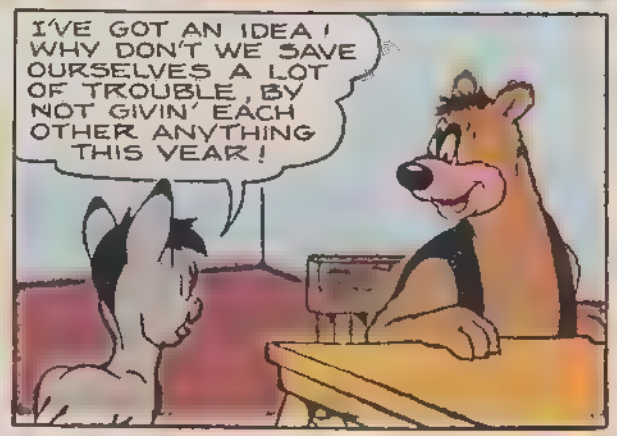




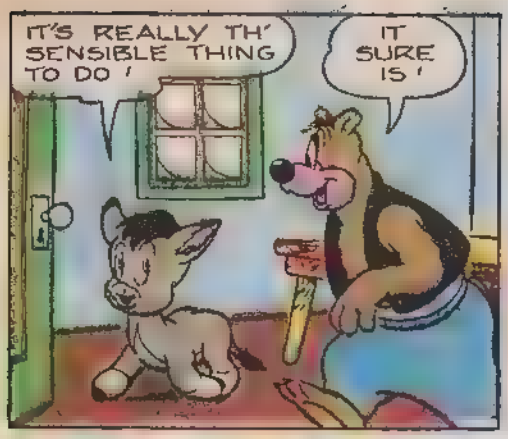


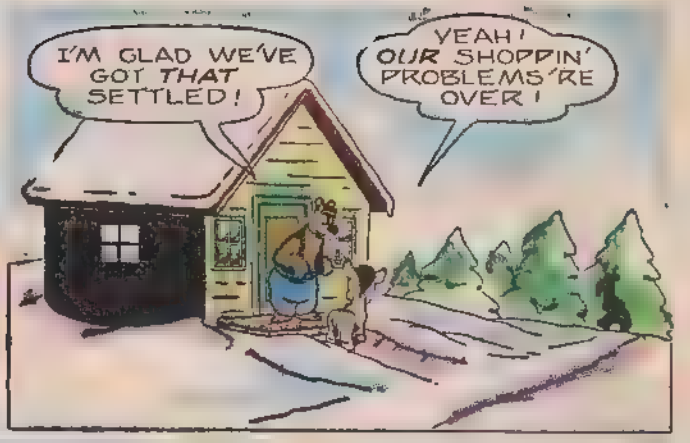


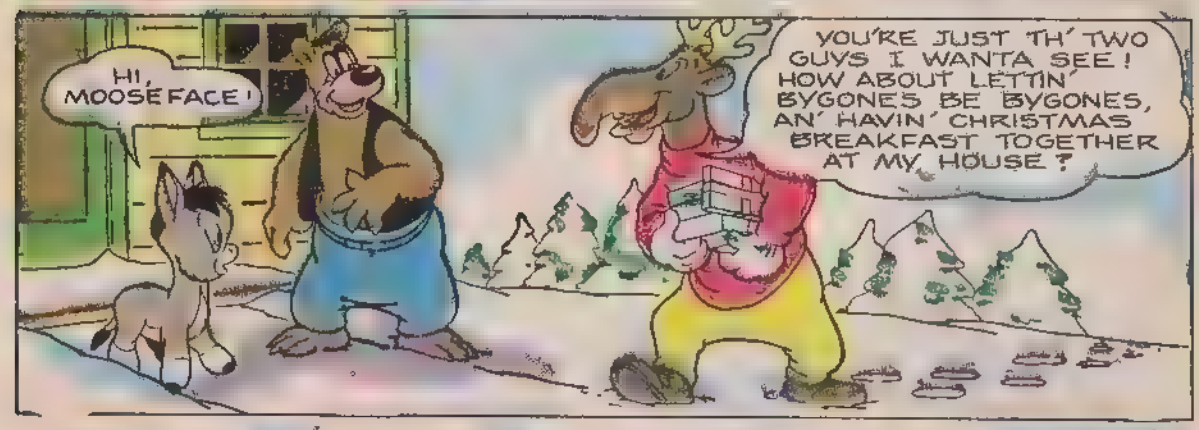


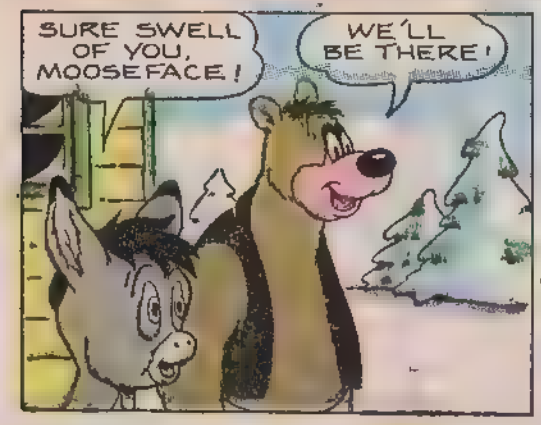


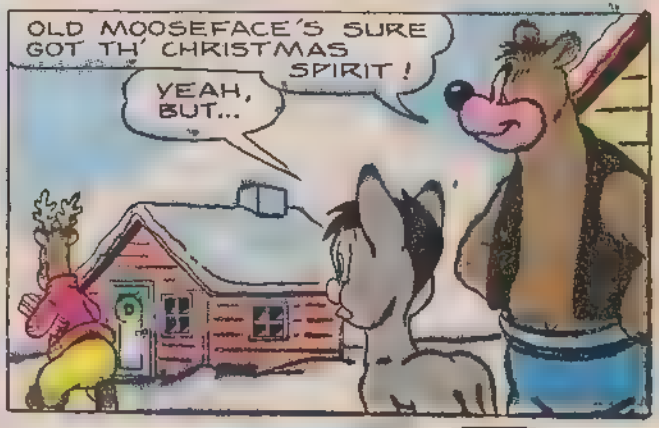
Be sure to show the back cover to your parents.

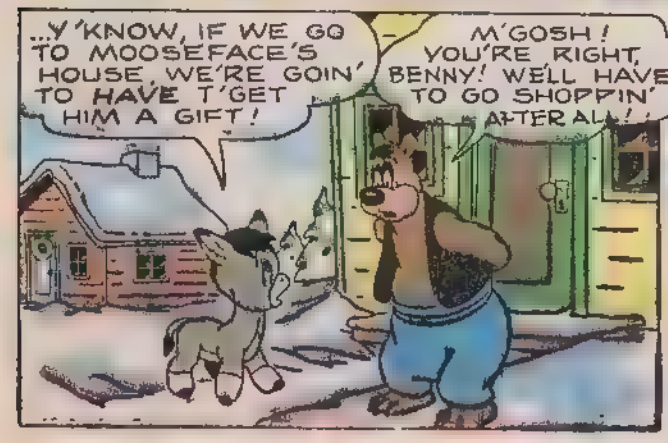

IT'S REALLY TH' SENSIBLE THING TO DO!
IT SURE IS!

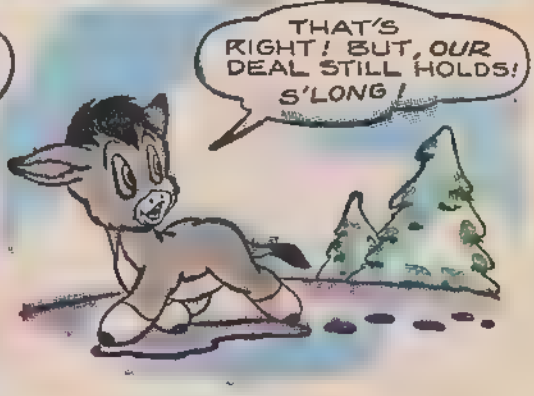

I'M GLAD WE'VE GOT THAT SETTLED!
YEAH! OUR SHOPPIN' PROBLEMS'RE OVER!


HI, MOOSEFACE!
YOU'RE JUST TH' TWO GUYS I WANTA SEE! HOW ABOUT LETTIN' BYGONES BE BYGONES, AN' HAVIN' CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST TOGETHER AT MY HOUSE?

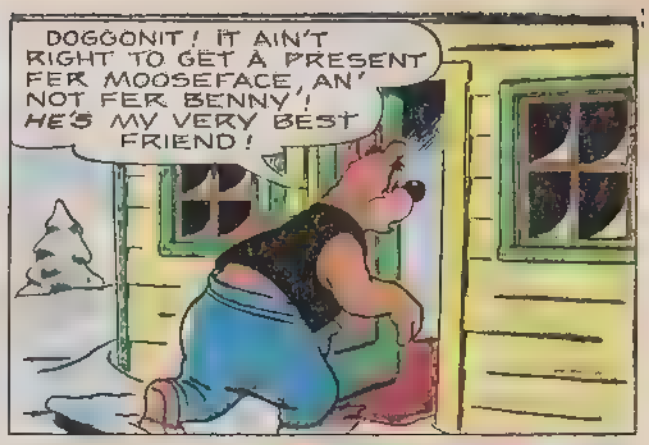

SURE SWELL OF YOU, MOOSEFACE!
WE'LL BE THERE!

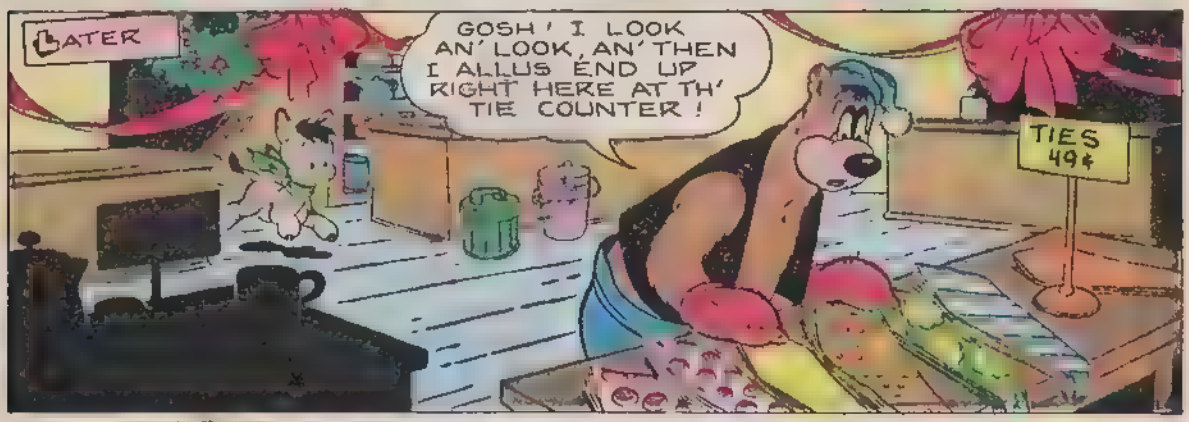

OLD MOOSEFACE'S SURE GOT TH' CHRISTMAS SPIRIT!
YEAH, BUT...

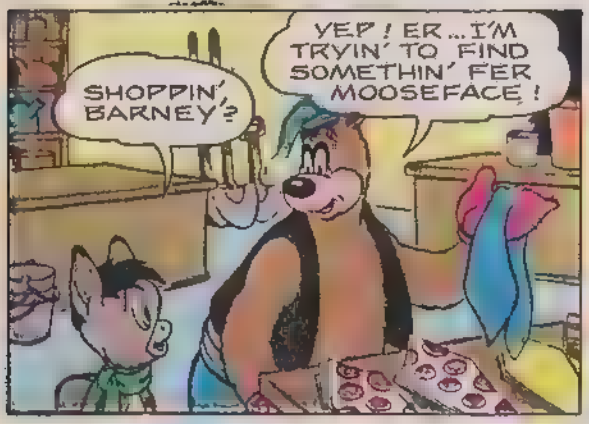

...Y'KNOW, IF WE GO TO MOOSEFACE'S HOUSE, WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE T'GET HIM A GIFT!
M'GOSH! YOU'RE RIGHT, BENNY! WE'LL HAVE TO GO SHOPPIN' AFTER ALL!

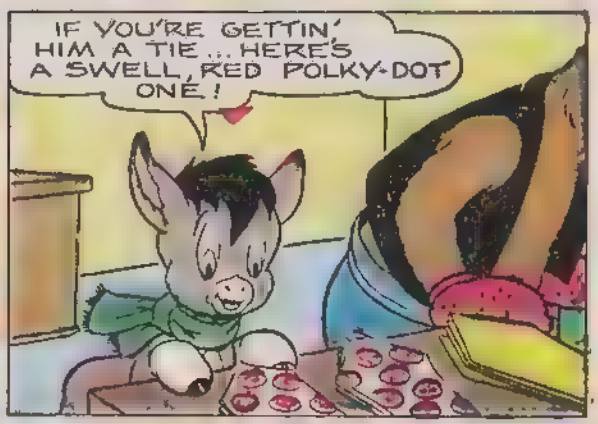

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT, OUR DEAL STILL HOLDS! S'LONG!

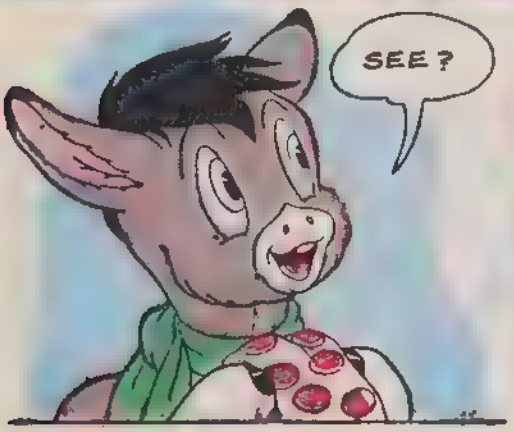
IT'LL SURE BE A FUNNY CHRISTMAS WITHOUT A PRESENT FROM OL' BARNEY!

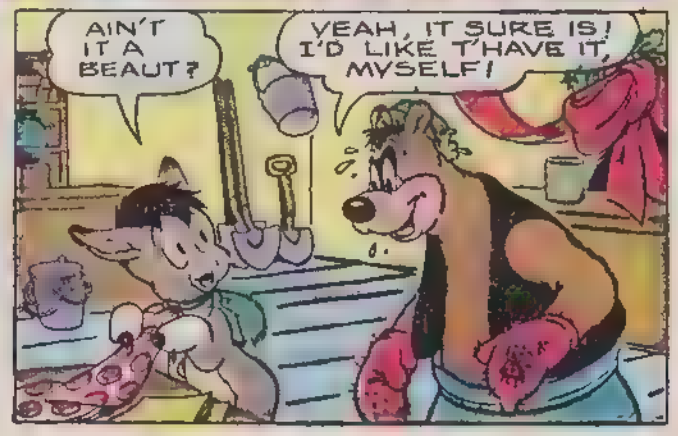

DOGGONIT! IT AIN'T RIGHT TO GET A PRESENT FER MOOSEFACE, AN' NOT FER BENNY! HE'S MY VERY BEST FRIEND!


LATER
GOSH! I LOOK AN' LOOK, AN' THEN I ALLUS END UP RIGHT HERE AT TH' TIE COUNTER!
TIES 49¢

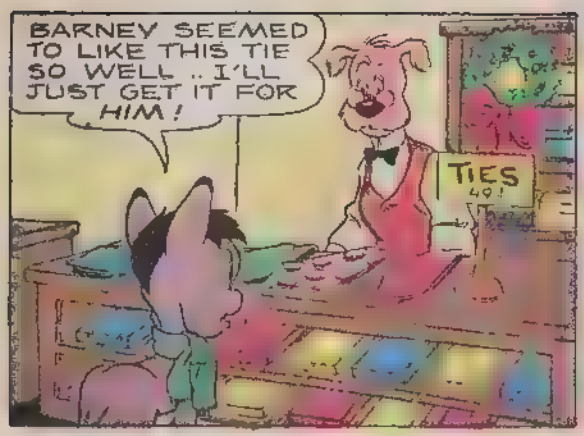

SHOPPIN', BARNEY?
YEP! ER... I'M TRYIN' TO FIND SOMETHIN' FER MOOSEFACE!

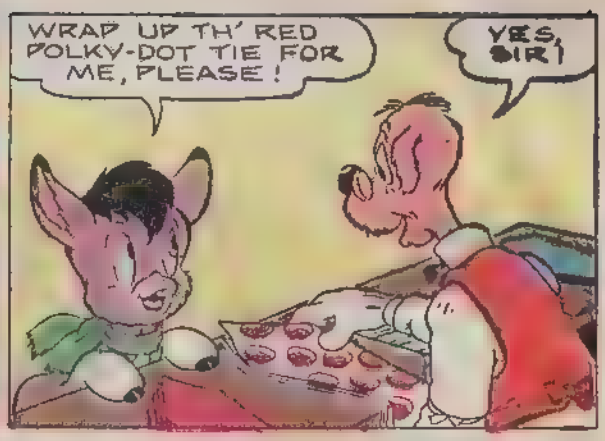

IF YOU'RE GETTIN' HIM A TIE... HERE'S A SWELL, RED POLKY-DOT ONE!

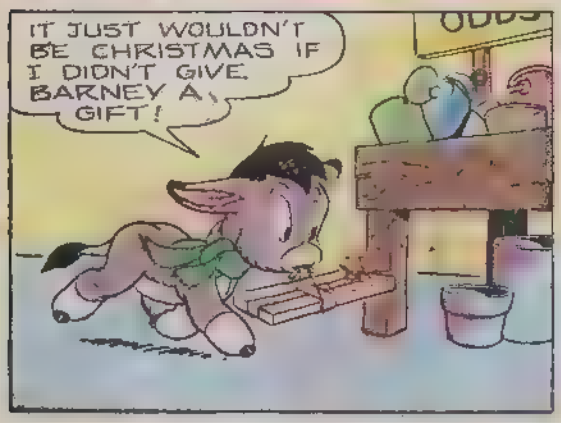

SEE?

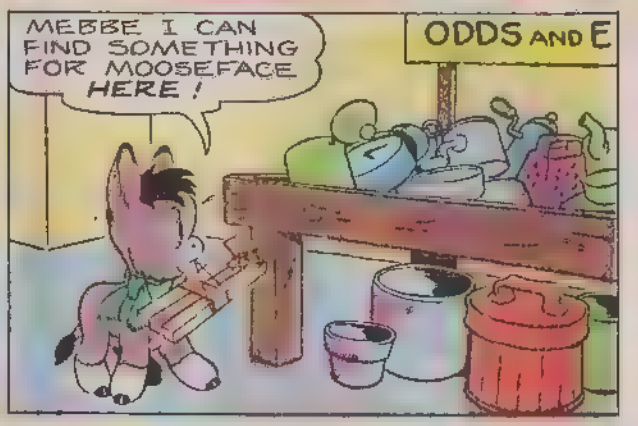

AIN'T IT A BEAUT?
YEAH, IT SURE IS! I'D LIKE T'HAVE IT, MYSELF!

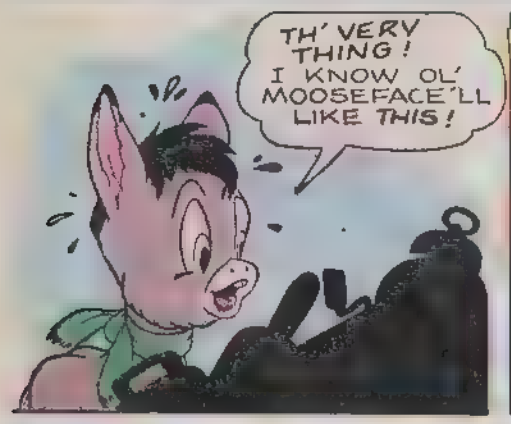
BUT MOOSEFACE DON'T WEAR TIES VERY OFTEN ! I GUESS I'D BETTER LOOK AROUND FER SOMETHIN' ELSE !
WELL, S'LONG ! I'VE GOTTA LOOK FOR SOMETHIN' FOR HIM, TOO !
G'BYE, BENNY !
NAILS
IT WAS A TERRIBLE-LOOKIN' TIE, BUT BENNY LIKED IT SO MUCH, I'M GONNA GET IT FER HIM !
I'LL TAKE THIS RED POLKY-DOT TIE !
MEBBE I CAN FIND SOMETHIN' FER MOOSEFACE OVER HERE !
ODDS AND ENDS
I'LL GET THIS CLOCK FOR HIM ! HE BROKE HIS !
THERE GOES BARNEY ! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO HUSTLE BACK TO TH' TIE COUNTER !

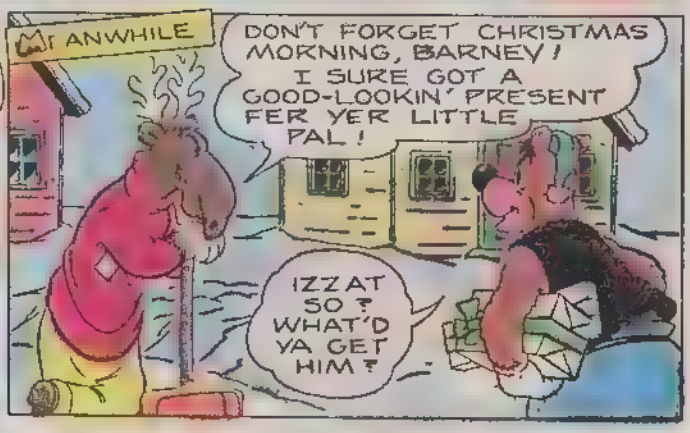

BARNEY SEEMED TO LIKE THIS TIE SO WELL .. I'LL JUST GET IT FOR HIM!
TIES

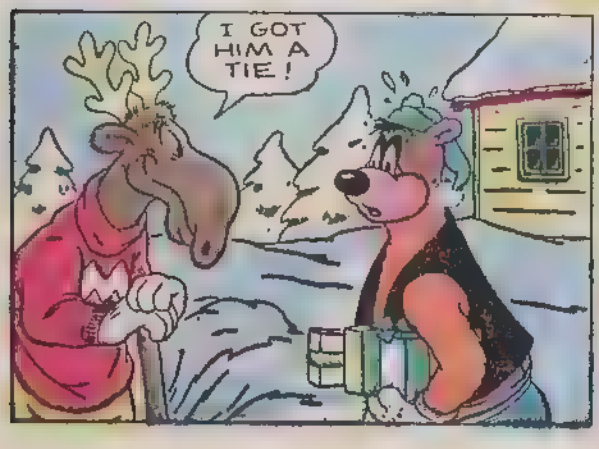

WRAP UP TH' RED POLKY-DOT TIE FOR ME, PLEASE!
YES, SIR!

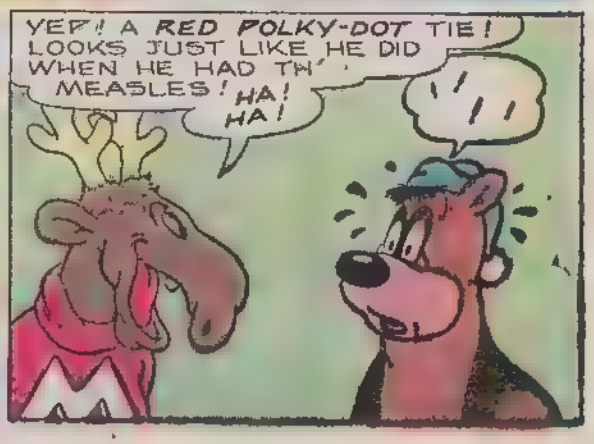

IT JUST WOULDN'T BE CHRISTMAS IF I DIDN'T GIVE BARNEY A GIFT!

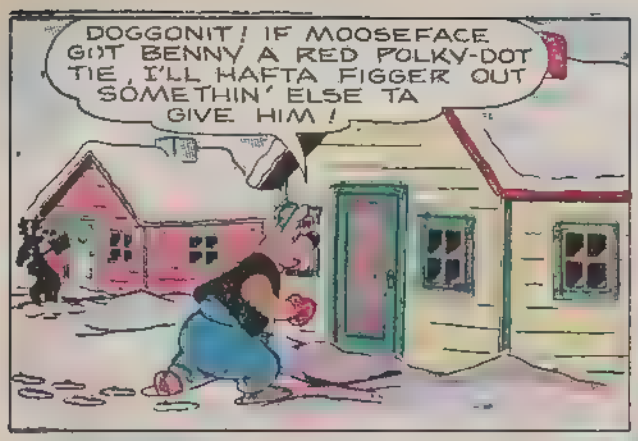

MEBBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING FOR MOOSEFACE HERE!
ODDS AND E

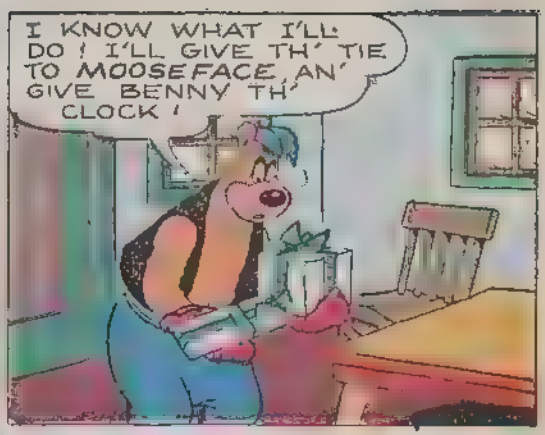

TH' VERY THING! I KNOW OL' MOOSEFACE'LL LIKE THIS!

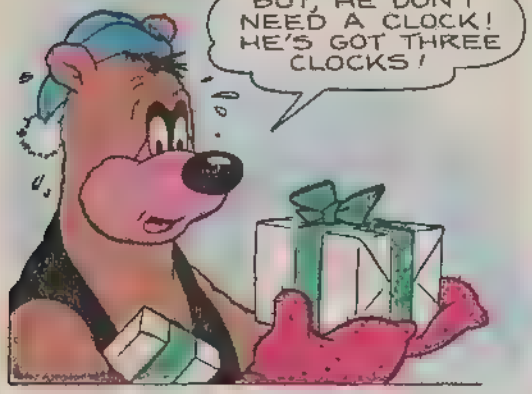

MEANWHILE
DON'T FORGET CHRISTMAS MORNING, BARNEY! I SURE GOT A GOOD-LOOKIN' PRESENT FER YER LITTLE PAL!
IZZAT SO? WHAT'D YA GET HIM?

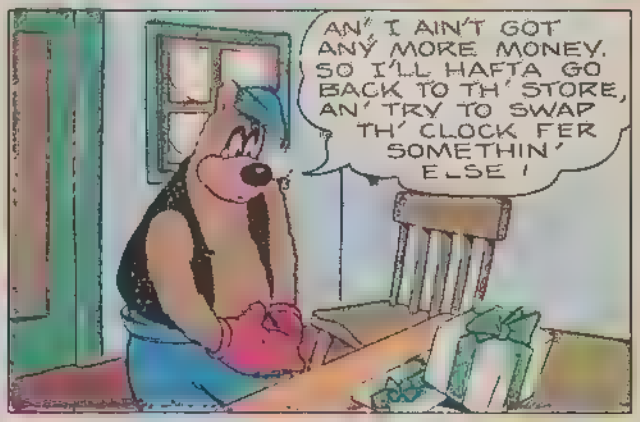

I GOT HIM A TIE!

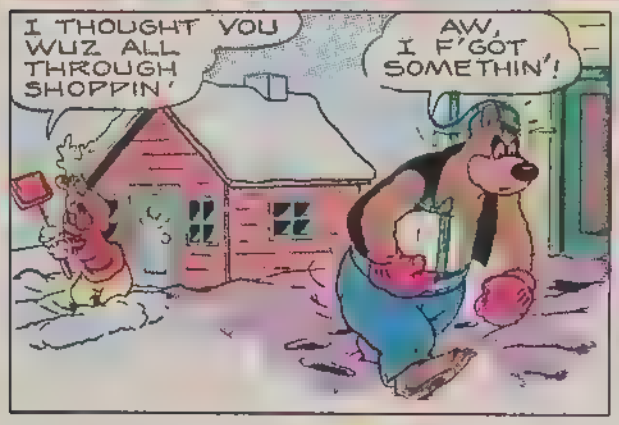

YEP! A RED POLKY-DOT TIE! LOOKS JUST LIKE HE DID WHEN HE HAD TH' MEASLES! HA! HA!

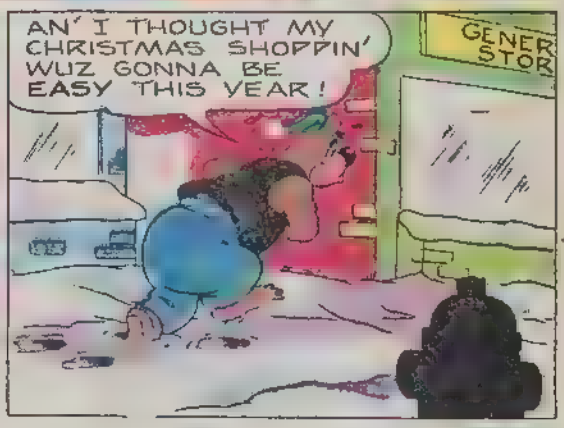

DOGGONIT! IF MOOSEFACE GOT BENNY A RED POLKY-DOT TIE, I'LL HAFTA FIGGER OUT SOMETHIN' ELSE TA GIVE HIM!

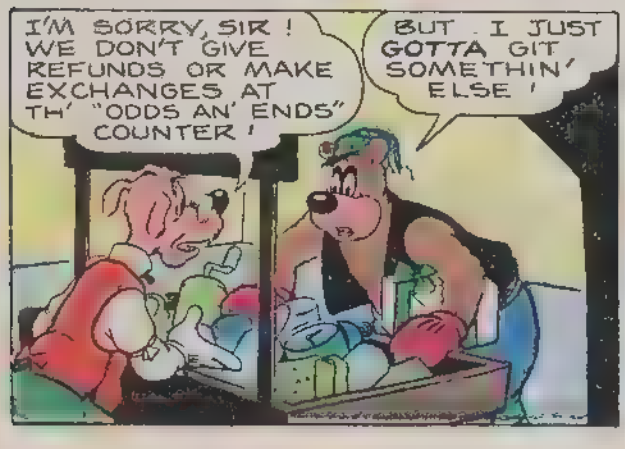

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GIVE TH' TIE TO MOOSEFACE, AN' GIVE BENNY TH' CLOCK!

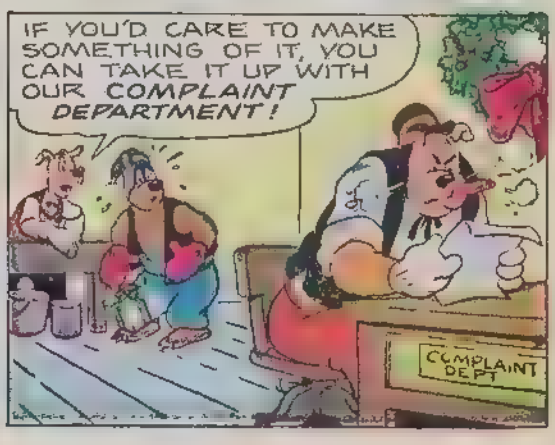

BUT, HE DON'T NEED A CLOCK! HE'S GOT THREE CLOCKS!

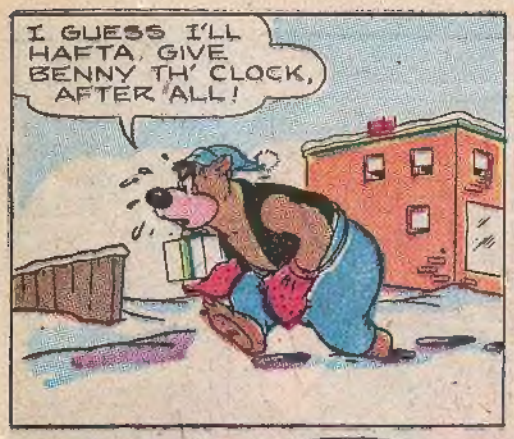

AN' I AIN'T GOT ANY MORE MONEY. SO I'LL HAFTA GO BACK TO TH' STORE, AN' TRY TO SWAP TH' CLOCK FER SOMETHIN' ELSE!


I THOUGHT YOU WUZ ALL THROUGH SHOPPIN'
AW, I F'GOT SOMETHIN'!


AN' I THOUGHT MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPIN' WUZ GONNA BE EASY THIS YEAR!
GENER STOR

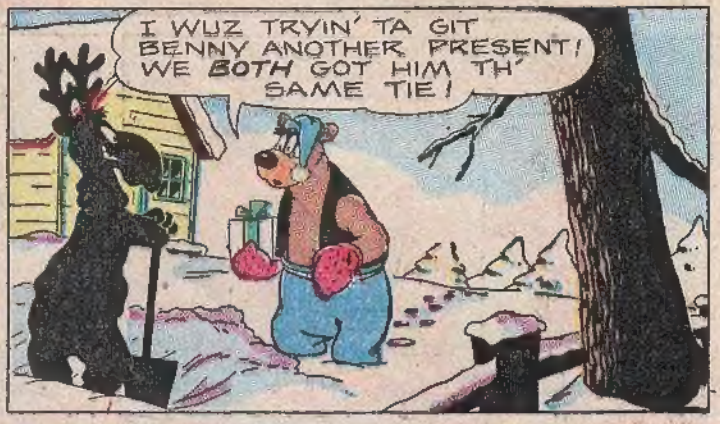

I'M SORRY, SIR! WE DON'T GIVE REFUNDS OR MAKE EXCHANGES AT TH' "ODDS AN' ENDS" COUNTER!
BUT I JUST GOTTA GIT SOMETHIN' ELSE!


IF YOU'D CARE TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT, YOU CAN TAKE IT UP WITH OUR COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT!
COMPLAINT DEPT


I GUESS I'LL HAFTA GIVE BENNY TH' CLOCK, AFTER ALL!

WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T TH' JOLLY LITTLE SHOPPER AGAIN!

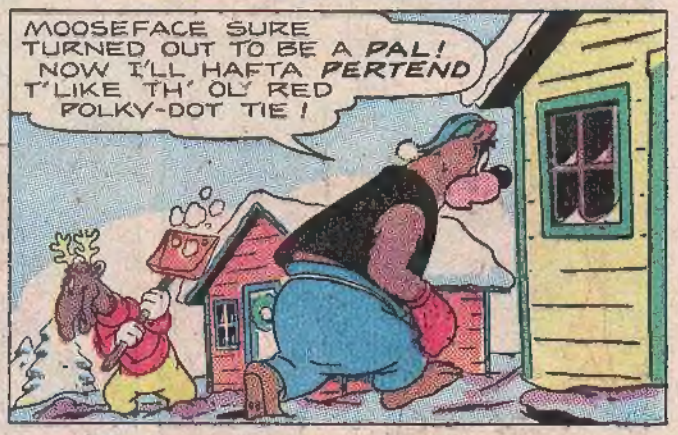
NOTHIN' COULD BE AS BAD AS YOU LOOK, BARNEY!

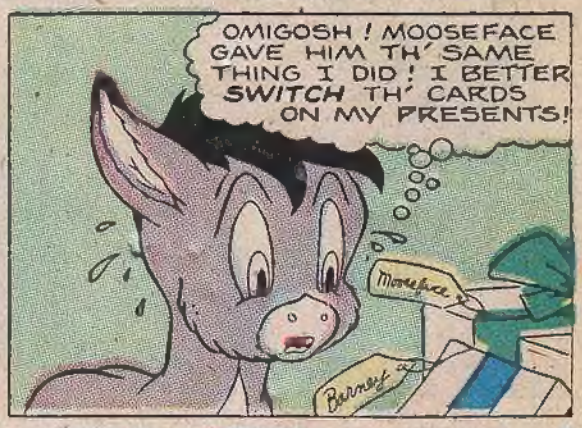

I WUZ TRYIN' TA GIT BENNY ANOTHER PRESENT! WE BOTH GOT HIM TH' SAME TIE!

IF THAT'S ALL THAT'S BOTHERIN' YOU, WE CAN FIX THAT UP EASY AS PIE!
YEAH? HOW?

WHY, I'LL JUST GIVE YOU TH' TIE I GOT FER BENNY, AN' GIVE HIM YOUR PRESENT!

GOSH, MOOSEFACE! WILL YOU DO THAT?
SURE! IT DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME!


MOOSEFACE SURE TURNED OUT TO BE A PAL! NOW I'LL HAFTA PERTEND T'LIKE TH' OL' RED POLKY-DOT TIE!



BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

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